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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE United States Government have accepted Japan's apology for the sinking of the Panay, though neither they nor the American people believe the official explanation that it was all a mistake. Similar apologies have been made to the British Government for the attacks on our ships in the Yangtse. With these "incidents" closed, the next step will be the discussion of guarantees against any repetition of such outrages. "Discussion" is what the Japanese now suggest; optimists will hope that something concrete and reliable will come out of it. Meanwhile the grip is tightening on Shanghai. Martial law regulations have been promulgated, which extend Japanese jurisdiction over the International Settlement, and which, it is said in Washington, may be an infringement of America's treaty rights. Coupled with this news comes Mr. Roosevelt's statement that the U.S.A. must be prepared for further naval building. But that, the President declares, is not a counter-threat to Japan. It indicates his "growing concern about world events."

The Harvest of War

Meanwhile, the Japanese troops are pushing steadily on in Shantung. They took Tsinan, the capital, early in the week and their next objective is Tsingtao. If the reports of the systematic destruction by the Chinese of mills, shops, schools and other buildings belonging to Japanese, are true, the city will be a ruin when the invaders get there. The gains of Japan to date cover nine provinces, with an area of some 400,000 sq. miles and a population of 90,000,000—a handsome addition to Manchukuo with its area of nearly 500,000 sq. miles and 30,000,000 inhabitants. The task of holding all this immense territory—let alone of pacifying it and persuading the Chinese to "co-operate"—will clearly be formidable; it may indeed prove impossible. But the Japanese militarists, at any rate, do not appear to be troubling themselves about the future. Their attack in the south is expected at any moment; there are large forces ready for landing at or near Canton. The occupation of the metropolis of South China (apart altogether from any immediate mischief it may portend to Hong Kong) will mean another serious blow to foreign interests.

All for Our Country

While the dictators in Italy and Germany denounce democracy, their friends in Rumania practise it—after the Rumanian fashion. The Liberal Government of M. Tatarescu (Liberal in name, but reactionary Conservative in fact) went into the general election last week pretty confident of success. But they failed to get the 40 per cent. of the votes which, under the peculiar electoral law of Rumania, would have presented them with a number of

seats that they had not won and so have brought them back to office. No party in fact got anywhere near a majority. On the Opposition side there was an alliance or an "understanding"—for the duration of the election—between the National Peasant Party of the Left and the extreme Right groups. The strongest and most notorious of these latter is the Iron Guard—or to give it its new name the "All for Our Country Party." It is not, however, to this, but to the National Christian Party leader, M. Goga, that King Carol has turned for the formation of a new Cabinet. The National Christians are of the Nazi variety of Fascist, and they are anti-Semites like the Iron Guard. But they are less unfriendly to the King and to his mistress, Madame Lupescu, than is the Iron Guard, with which, incidentally, they quarrelled seriously during the elections. And so doubtless the King decided that if he could not have his friend Tatarescu as Prime Minister, the next best thing was Goga. Whether M. Goga is a good thing for his country, or for Europe, is another matter.

The Battle of Teruel

Fighting still continues in Teruel, as we write. The rebels were dislodged from the Seminary on Tuesday, but a considerable force managed to hold on in the Bank and the Civil Governor's office. Messages from Salamanca speak confidently of the recovery of Teruel; but, if that is really General Franco's intention, he will have his work cut out. A very interesting uncensored despatch from the *Times* correspondent at Hendaye makes it clear that the Government's operation was a carefully prepared affair, in which no less than six army corps, or nearly a quarter of the new Republican army, were engaged. These troops are well trained, well equipped and well officered, and they have been greatly heartened by their success. Their victory is the first that the Republic has won for many months, and it is particularly important in that the capture of Teruel not only helps to shorten a dangerously long line, but deprives the rebels of a favourable position from which to cut through between Barcelona and Valencia to the Mediterranean coast. It cannot yet be called a decisive victory; but is evidently a serious check to Franco's hopes of a big offensive and a quick end to the war.

The Paris Strike

The sudden strike decision of the municipal employees of Paris evidently took the Socialists and the Trade Union leaders, as well as the Government, by surprise. M. Jouhaux was away in Spain; the Communist leaders were away from Paris at a conference of their own; and negotiations were apparently still going on when the Union of Municipal Employees issued the call to strike. The immediate cause of the decision was the voting by the municipal body of a budget providing for wage-increases at only half the rate accepted by the State (after much difficulty) for its own employees. The Trade Unions only accepted the larger State increase under strong protest, as a means of saving the unity of the Front Populaire. It was admitted that the increase would not cover the rise in the cost of living; and the Paris employees seem therefore to have a strong case for rejecting a much smaller advance. M. Chautemps announced immediately that the Government would keep as many services as it could running—presumably with army and other non-union labour. The Confédération Générale du Travail, as well as M. Blum and the Socialists, were opposed to the strike, and discussions went on on Wednesday throughout the day and night. In the small hours of Thursday morning it was announced that the strike was over, and the public services were resumed. We do not know, at the time of going to press, exactly what, if anything, the men have gained, or what political repercussions the episode may have.

The Dis-United States

The course of imperfect love between the President and American Big Business runs far from smoothly. Mr. Roosevelt's pre-Christmas conferences with representatives of the utilities were inconclusive, and during the holidays the Assistant Attorney-General—who accompanied the President on his recent trip to Florida—delivered a speech bitterly attacking business monopolies, to whose profiteering price policy he ascribed much of the blame for the trade slump. Wall Street interpreted this as evidence that the President intends to launch a great "trust-busting" campaign, and registered disapproval by wholesale selling of securities. With steel output down to 19 per cent. of capacity, railway traffics and other trade indices still declining, and an unemployment figure of 11,000,000 officially predicted for the end of January, Mr. Roosevelt can ill afford to have strained relations perpetuated between Big Business and the Administration unless—contrary to every recent indication—he intends to move decisively towards the Left. But the road to peace between Washington and Wall Street has also been obstructed by Henry Ford's announcement that he intends to fight until the last ditch against the National Labour Relations Board's interference in his affairs. The Board has unanimously decided that the Ford Motor Company has been guilty of flagrant violations of the Wagner Act, and has ordered the company to cease discouraging membership of the United Automobile Worker's Union, an affiliate of Mr. John L. Lewis's organisation. The decision is enforceable by law, but the company will doubtless carry the case to the Supreme Court.

Progress of the Budget

Since the bulk of direct taxation is collected in the final quarter of the fiscal year, forecasts at this stage of the eventual outcome of the 1937–38 Budget can be no more than tentative. So far, however, as can be judged from the return published up to Christmas, the Chancellor's task seems on the way to being lightened by the gratifying buoyancy of the revenue. On the expenditure side outgoings are about £60,000,000 more than a year ago, whereas a total increase of only £33,000,000 was budgeted for in the full twelve months. It looks as though the rising cost of rearmament had been temporarily charged mainly to revenue; but it was proposed to cover £80,000,000 in the present year by borrowing. Unless armament expenditure is being speeded up to an unforeseen extent, which is unlikely, total outgoings by March 31st should not greatly exceed the anticipated figure. On the other side, the expansion in revenue over the full year was estimated at £39,000,000. Up to date no less than £26,000,000 of this increase has already been realised. In the event of a trade recession, the task of making ends meet in 1938–39 may not be so easy; but, so far as

the present year is concerned, Sir John Simon has no cause to complain at the taxpayers' productivity.

The Glasgow Dock Trouble

Glasgow and Aberdeen are the only two important ports in Great Britain which have no schemes in force for the registration of dock labour. In the report just issued by the Committee of Inquiry appointed a year ago it is revealed that, especially in Glasgow, the absence of a registration scheme has led to serious abuses. It seems to have been a not uncommon practice for men to get casual employment under fictitious names, and by this method to conceal the fact of their having had work from the Unemployment Insurance authorities. It is suggested that the men responsible for this practice have been mainly non-unionists, and that some at any rate of the employers must have known quite well what was going on. Obviously, the first step towards a remedy is for Glasgow to have a register, like other ports; and this is the more desirable because the port employers and the Trade Unions are at present negotiating nationally for an improved scheme of decasualisation, to which registration of port labour is an indispensable preliminary. The Glasgow dockers have, however, a separate Union of their own; and registration has hitherto been objected to by both the Union and the local employers. In face of the report, it seems likely that this opposition will have to be withdrawn.

The Legal Poor

Despite the disappearance of the Boards of Guardians, the "legal poor" remain in being as an identifiable section of the public, and the *Times* continues to publish its annual article dealing with their condition. During 1937 their numbers were reduced not only by the generally improved economic situation, but also by the deferred arrival of the "second appointed day" under the Unemployment Act of 1934, which transferred the residue of the able-bodied unemployed from the Public Assistance Committees to the Unemployment Assistance Board. This was on April 1st, and since then the responsibility of the local authorities for the unemployed has ceased, except for medical services. There remain, however, over a million persons in receipt of public assistance in England and Wales—say, 2½ per cent. of the total population. Of these, roughly one out of every eight is in an institution, and the other seven are getting some sort of outdoor relief. The method of assessing assistance by means of salaried adjudicating officers, instead of bringing each individual case before a committee, is on the increase—on the whole with very beneficial effects. So is the provision of more specialised institutional treatment, particularly for old people; but the general workhouses still in effect linger on in the more backward areas. In 1937 a Bill was introduced into Parliament authorising local authorities to pay small sums as weekly pocket money to inmates of public institutions; but time was not found to pass it into law. Its enactment would be at any rate one sign of a less inhumane attitude, and of a real abandonment of the Victorian notion of penal treatment for those who are unhappy enough to become the guests of the public.

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RENT CONTROL

RENT restriction is an issue on which differences of opinion are impossible to reconcile, because they rest on fundamental differences of principle. From the standpoint of the majority of property-owners, a house is a commodity which the landlord ought to be free to sell or let at an economic price, arrived at by the higgling of the market without any form of State interference or control. The restriction of rents was accepted, not without plenty of grumbling, as a temporary measure during the war, when house-building was practically in suspense; and its continuance has been accepted since, with a growing amount of grumbling, on plain proof of the hardships which its removal at any time up to the present would have involved. But the landlords, or at any rate the organisations which purport to represent them, have a strong sense of ill-usage and exceptional treatment. They complain that, long after all the other war-time controls have been taken off, they are still penalised in comparison with other owners of property. They want rent control to end; or, if they cannot get it ended completely and immediately, they want an assurance that it will end by a definite date, and that meanwhile its scope will be further narrowed.

Against those who hold this view is arrayed a large body of diametrically opposite opinion. On this second showing, houses are not like the general run of commodities, and should not be treated as if they were. A house, or at any rate a house below a certain standard of accommodation, is a "public utility," like gas, or water, or electricity; and just as the State normally regulates the prices which may be charged for these forms of service, so it ought, as a normal and continuing duty, to regulate rents and other conditions of tenancy or house purchase. "We cannot agree," say the Minority of the Committee which has just made its report on the future of rent restriction, "that housing is a fit subject for commodity economics, but rather hold the view that, so long as it is left to private enterprise, its management should be subject to public utility principles." On this basis, the Minority not only rejects the proposal of the Majority that rent control should be at once narrowed in scope, and wholly ended in a few years' time, but also recommends that Tenancy Courts should be established, with wide powers, as permanent institutions.

Between these two opinions there is obviously a great gulf; and it is not altogether surprising to find that two Liberal members of the Committee were left sitting in the middle of this gulf, unable to accept either the case for complete decontrol by a fixed date or the case for permanent regulation. The Majority, on the other hand, has taken quite decisively the landlords' view. It is very determined that, even if the process of decontrol has to be spread over a number of years, sentence of death shall be passed on the Rent Restriction Acts here and now, and no further appeal allowed. It is insistent that, even if control does have to go on in a modified form even to 1950, there shall be no fresh committee to settle whether it can then be lifted without hardship. The landlord is to be given a certain confidence that full decontrol will come by 1950, if not a good deal sooner. He is to be assured by then at least of restitution of his property rights.

Meanwhile, as an earnest of the justice that is to come, he is to be given substantial immediate advantages. The larger houses still subject to control (above £35 a year in London and Scotland, and above £20 elsewhere) are to be decontrolled at once, except where they consist of separate tenements. Moreover, the Majority puts forward an ingenious scheme whereby the maximum rent levels for the continuance of control are to be reduced by stages in 1940 and subsequent years; so that even if the Acts remain nominally in force up to 1950, long before that the great majority of houses will be decontrolled.

These provisions for gradual decontrol are to be applied, according to the Majority's recommendations, not uniformly over the whole country, but by areas. The test for settling up to what rent level control is still to operate is to be the percentage of overcrowding in each area, to be ascertained by overcrowding surveys taken on a uniform basis in all districts. Power is to be reserved to the Minister of Health to vary, on special grounds, the application of this formula to any particular area; but stress is laid on the need for making its operation as far as possible automatic, in order that landlords may be able to look ahead with some assurance of what is likely to happen to their property. In the meantime—as a sop to the advocates of continued control—the provision whereby certain of the larger controlled houses become derestricted on change of tenancy is to be removed, and all controlled houses are to be treated uniformly.

At present, of all the houses belonging to types which have been at any time subject to control (including new houses) about 43 per cent. in England and Wales and 54 per cent. in Scotland are under the Rent Restriction Acts. For working-class houses in a narrower sense (Class C houses they are officially called) the percentages are 57 and 60. Of the better types still partly under control, the Acts apply only to 32 per cent. in England and Wales and 50 per cent. in Scotland. This is largely the effect of the recent housing boom; for, out of nearly 3 million houses of this type (Class B, in official language) in England and Wales, almost half have been built since 1918, and have therefore never been subject to rent control. Some 600,000 older houses of this type have been decontrolled; and of the 950,000 now subject to control the Majority proposes immediately to decontrol about 450,000, leaving the remaining half-million, together with the 3,600,000 controlled working-class houses (Class C), to be dealt with under the procedure of decontrol by stages between now and 1950.

One very great objection to this procedure, apart from deeper questions of principle, is the emphasis which is laid on overcrowding surveys as a measure of the need for continued control. Such surveys are in fact an exceedingly poor measure even of overcrowding itself; for it has already been found in certain areas that a new survey, even where it has not led to a widely different result in respect of the number of overcrowded houses, has revealed that the overcrowded houses are not the same. Many more dwellings than are found to be overcrowded at the time of a particular survey are overcrowded at some time. The population shifts round, and, if one lot of overcrowded houses is cleared, another lot can soon appear. Moreover, it is by no means safe to argue, as the Majority appears to do, that when overcrowding is not very prevalent in an area, decontrol is not likely to lead to an increase in rents. It is admitted in the report that in all areas except the rural districts present rents are substantially higher on the average for houses that have been decontrolled than for either controlled houses or new houses provided by the local authorities since the war. In London, for example, the averages given are, for controlled houses of working-class type, 8*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.*, for local authority houses 10*s.*, and for decontrolled houses 12*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.*; and the spreads are similar in other urban areas. Where this is the case, it is quite absurd to argue that decontrol is not likely to increase rents.

Nor must it be forgotten, in relation to the proposal to decontrol at once a large further group of Class B houses, that a good many families which can be regarded as belonging broadly to the working classes live in older houses of this type, often under conditions which include taking lodgers without sub-division into separate tenements. It can hardly be doubted that here, too, substantial hardship would be caused by decontrol, or that this hardship would arise even in areas which show, as a whole, no very high proportion of overcrowded dwellings.

In effect, the Majority's zeal to find a way of bringing rent control finally to an end by a date fixed almost automatically in advance is open to the gravest objections. Control ought not to end until it can be said positively that there is no danger of its cessation leading to any serious hardship; and it ought to be left to Parliament, and not to a Minister by administrative order, to settle when that time has arrived. That is, if control is to be allowed to end at all. For our part, we cordially agree with the Minority that, instead of being abolished, it ought to be made universal, at any rate for small and middle-sized houses (Classes B and C), by means of Tenancy Courts, which should be set up as permanent institutions. The entire status of housing has changed since 1914; it ought now to be recognised as a vital public utility service and to be brought under comprehensive regulation by the State.

FASCISM IN FINLAND

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT].

WE know so much about the birth-pangs of Fascism, so much about its vigorous growth in this country and in that, so much even about its maturity, in Italy, that we are apt to forget that Fascism can fail. We know nothing of what happens when a Fascist movement begins to lose momentum, nothing of Fascism in decline. In only one country has a fully fledged Fascist movement, after initial successes, failed to maintain its position. That country is Finland; and the story of Finnish Fascism may be worth telling, if only for the light it may throw on the inherent weakness of Fascism and on the recuperative powers of parliamentary democracy.

The beginning of the movement in Finland was ludicrous enough. The League of Communist Youth announced a propaganda week to be held in November, 1929, in Lapua. It was an impudent announcement, for Lapua, a market town of some 14,000 inhabitants, is the centre of the rich conservative yeoman-farmer community of Ostrobothnia and at the same time of the Pietist sect of the Lutheran Church which has always regarded Communism as the worship of the Devil. What is more, anti-Russian feeling runs higher in Lapua than in almost any other district of Finland.

When the train bearing the young Communists and their red flags drew into Lapua the station was crowded with indignant farmers. The youths had scarcely alighted and launched into their first oration when they were set upon by

the farmers, soundly belaboured with sticks and their red shirts torn from their backs. Next, the farmers called a mass meeting in Lapua. The leader was Vihtori Kosola, a respectable farmer who had seen the inside of a St. Petersburg gaol in the days when Finland was a part of the Russian Empire. Under his guidance a number of inflammatory resolutions were passed. "The mass meeting at Lapua appeals to all sane-thinking citizens in the hope that a united firm front can be created against the agitation and treasonable insolence of the Communists. By co-operation on our side we must help the authorities to smother the propaganda meetings and disgraceful imitations of Bolshevik customs at their birth."

The Lapua assembly was followed by similar meetings all over the country. Within a few weeks deputations from four provinces were making their way to the capital, where they were sympathetically received by the President and the Prime Minister of the Republic. Their demands were that Communism should be outlawed and its propaganda proscribed. Parliament had no objection to suppressing certain Communist societies, but it refused to muzzle all Marxist propaganda. To grant the Lapuan demands would mean a general censorship of the press, which the Finnish Parliament, 59 of whose 200 members were Socialists and 23 Communists, had no intention of sanctioning.

The farmers went home unsatisfied, and indignation swelled into a great anti-Communist movement which was no less general and popular for being hysterical. A permanent organisation to direct the movement was set up at Lapua and made no bones about authorising acts of violence. A printing press which published a Communist newspaper was wrecked at Vaasa, and the paper's legal adviser and two Communist M.P.s were kidnapped. In face of this the moderate Government resigned and a new National Ministry was formed from the Right-wing parties—at its head the veteran Svinhufvud, who had led the Whites to victory over the Reds in the war of Finnish Independence, 1918.

In July a great deputation of 12,000 farmers arrived in the capital to press the Lapuan case. They asked for legislation to exclude Marxists from public positions, for rigid press laws and for a law empowering the Government to deal with emergencies by ordinance. But this legislation would involve an amendment of the constitution, and Svinhufvud failed to obtain the five-sixths majority vote necessary to pass the amendment immediately. He was forced to dissolve the Parliament and hold a general election. When the new House met the anti-Communist legislation was passed by the barest majority.

The Lapuans had won their demands. There, again, it might have been expected that the trouble would end. The general outcry died down and Lapua ceased to be a majority movement. Shorn of popular support, it stood out naked as a Fascist movement. It became known that leaders of the timber trade and wood industries had put money behind Lapua in the hope of forcing down workers' wages. Certain of the banks and the more conservative of the co-operative societies had also given support. Armed with this money the Lapuan headquarters had no intention of abandoning their struggle. They had a new and formidable leader in General Wallenius, who until recently had been chief of the General Staff. Under Wallenius's direction acts of terrorism were multiplied. Before the Presidential elections of January, 1931, the Liberal candidate, Stålberg, was kidnapped. At the beginning of 1932 it was known that Wallenius was planning a *coup d'état* to be carried out with the help of the Civil Guard.

In March, 1932, the coup was precipitated prematurely by an incident which the Lapuans had not foreseen. A Socialist speaker was giving a public lecture at Mäntsälä, forty miles north of the capital, when the hall was raided by armed men, the raiders overpowered the police and announced their intention of marching on Helsinki if the Government did not immediately resign. Wallenius rushed to Mäntsälä, where he was joined by certain detachments of the Civil Guard. For a moment the situation looked desperate, but Svinhufvud, now President, made a general appeal over the wireless to all citizens, and especially to Civil Guardsmen to remember their oath to respect the law. This wireless speech turned the scale. No more Civil Guardsmen rallied to Mäntsälä. The rebels' camp dispersed and eventually Wallenius gave himself up without a shot fired.

The Fascist movement now entered its third phase. First it had been a popular movement, then a semi-military and capitalist movement, now it broke up into factions. At subsequent elections half a dozen of these made their bid for popular support. One was led by Professor Yrjö Ruutu, who claimed to have promulgated the principles of National Socialism before Hitler; another by Captain Kalsta, who frankly avowed himself to be Hitler's disciple; a third by Swedo-Finns who demanded only economic and cultural privileges for the one-tenth minority of Swedish-speaking Finlanders. The main body of Lapuans, including most of the original leaders, reorganised themselves as the Popular Patriotic League (I.K.L.). None succeeded in recapturing the imagination of the masses.

What is the position to-day? Professor Ruutu has dissolved his little party and made a *volte face* into Social Democracy. Captain Kalsta has accepted the managership of a State-owned hotel in the Arctic Circle and has retired from politics. The I.K.L. has survived as a small minority party with 14 seats in Parliament. Of its leaders, Kosola is dead and Pastor Kares, the vicar of Lapua and the High Priest of Lapuanism, is old and ailing though still in possession of considerable demagogic force. The I.K.L. draws its support from two sections of the population. The first consists of people whose fear of Communism is greater than their love of liberty, peace and prosperity, and who see Communism behind every person and idea which they happen to dislike. The second consists of Pietists, those dour, ascetic revivalists who resemble the English Puritans of the seventeenth century.

The present writer recently talked with two prominent members of the I.K.L. who may be taken to represent these two points of view. The first was a woman Member of Parliament, Hilje Rupinen, known outside Finland as a contributor to the German review, *Contra Komintern*, and in Finland as an attractive woman in early middle age, living with her husband and daughter in a charming country house on the outskirts of Lapua. Everything about her setting suggested middle-class intellectual culture in its most head-mistress form. For her, Communism was a diabolical temptation appealing insidiously to the child-like nature of the Finnish people. She had no doubt that the leaders of the very moderate Finnish Social Democratic Party were corrupt in the head and Marxists at heart. She insisted hysterically that the Lapuans had urged the Government to take legal action against Bolshevism before 1929, and that the movement had turned to violence only after these warnings had been persistently ignored. Her immediate programme was to have Social Democracy along with overt Communism proscribed by law. Asked from what classes the I.K.L. drew its support, she replied that 90 per cent. of the Lutheran pastors were behind it, but very few of the common people—in spite of all that the I.K.L. was trying to do to improve their conditions by means of a Minimum Wage Bill.

The second was the son of Pastor Kares, a man of perhaps 35 years and of the most strikingly ascetic appearance, wearing the black shirt and suit of the Pietists and the Pietist's solemnity of mien. He insisted that the I.K.L. was in essence a Christian movement defending Christian morals against the onslaught of the Communists. Asked how he reconciled the preaching of violence with that of the Prince of Peace, he was evasive. For him, obviously, the question had not arisen. If Bolshevism were allowed to grow there would be a fight to the death between it and Christianity; if it could be scotched in the cradle that fight might be avoided. He admitted that Hitler had disappointed him by his attitude towards the Churches, but then the I.K.L. was not in any sense Hitlerite.

Such is the stuff that Finnish Fascism is made of to-day.

The organisation is still in open existence. The I.K.L. colours—black, of course, and blue—are to be seen here and there on envelopes, emblems and badges. It has its party in Parliament aiming at the overthrow of the party system. But it has lost the support of the man-in-the-street; in his eyes it is fanatical. And it has lost the support of capitalist interests. Finland is in full enjoyment of boom conditions. The capitalist interests have no complaint. The revolutionary I.K.L. has nothing to offer them. Whether in some future slump they may rally to the Lapuan form of Fascism more openly than before, no one can say; but nothing in the conduct of the Lapuan leaders during these last eight years has been likely to dispose men of substance and experience in their favour.

To-day Finland remains a democratic republic where there is perhaps a greater degree of equality of opportunity than in any other nation. The Social Democrats are still by far the strongest party in Parliament; the Trade Unions are reviving; a new and sweeping Social Service Bill has just become law. Communism, so-called, is proscribed, as it is in every other country bordering on the Soviet Union. But after eight years the Fascist movement is nothing more than a tiny parliamentary party and sort of vigilance committee for the detection of Moscow propaganda. It is not unpleasant to contemplate Fascism in decline. J. HAMPDEN JACKSON

A LONDON DIARY

London seemed this year to be noticeably slow in recovering its normal tempo after the Christmas holiday. On Tuesday the pavements round the Royal Exchange wore—but for lack of sun—a leisurely August appearance; there was less than half the normal traffic in the West End, and semi-deserted car-parks were matched by full stands of idle taxis. In the usually crowded, noisy snack-bar where I have the habit of lunching, a sparse company ate—for the most part in silence. Mass-indigestion? Or general reluctance to resume the daily task in a world whose outlook, now that the seasonal jollifications are over, is not too attractive? Sufferers from the spiritual post-holiday discomfort will doubtless be treated to the traditional New Year dose of optimistic pronouncements by the usual galaxy of leading industrialists and financiers. Its tonic properties would be more impressive if one did not know that large advertisers have recently been hinting to daily newspapers that news of declining consumption of manufactures must be rigorously censored, and that the dominant desire of the "big people" in the City to-day is to sell out to the small investor while the going is good. I don't myself believe that we are in for another 1929 slump; and, though everything points to 1938 being a less prosperous year than 1937, there is no point in pessimism which meets troubles half-way. But this synthetic manufacture of "sun-shine stuff" in the press strikes me as a peculiarly cynical business. Ultimately, I should have thought, it must defeat its own ends.

* * *

The boys were thrilled by the circus at the Agricultural Hall and so, every now and again, was I. Those lively acrobats with spring boards and the breath-taking shock of the surprise arranged for you on the high trapeze—yes, those were real experiences. But I never knew before quite how much I disliked performing animals. Not, I hasten to say, the sea-lions. They are delightful, balancing and dancing and playing ball, applauding their own achievements (or perhaps the arrival of the next course of fish) with hoarse shouts and enthusiastic fin-clapping. I feel sure that their training is "all done by kindness." Their tricks are the elaboration of a natural faculty, not a perversion of their natures. Therefore you can watch them with the same pleasure that you find in seeing the great hornbill at the Zoo taking grapes out of the keeper's mouth, just as it would, I suppose, have done in "a state of nature" out of the mouth of its mate. The sea-lions' play is not very different; these beasts have, a scientist tells me, very delicate and elaborate balancing arrangements in their inner ears and it looks as if they balance balls on the end of their noses without the least strain or reluctance. Most important of all, they have no objection to being at close quarters with human beings. None of these considerations apply at all to tigers and lions and leopards and polar and brown bears—all of which are miraculously brought together in one cage and kept to the stools, made to stand up against each other and prevented from fighting by the domination of a single man. It is an extraordinary performance—which requires the most perfect nerve and courage on the trainer's part. The beasts are genuinely fierce and hate, I am convinced, every moment of the time. Nothing, I dare swear, stopped one of the tigers killing the tamer—there was a moment of real tension between them when the audience thought the tiger would spring and hell would be let loose—except stark fear. Every animal—except of course the jolly old brown bears—was, I feel certain, terrified and wretched. I know that they are excellently fed and cared for; I do not suggest that they are cruelly treated in the sense of being subjected to any unnecessary amount of physical pain. I merely say that their submission seems, to me at least, a humiliating spectacle of fear and misery.

* * *

I have been asked for evidence for my assertion that some departments in Whitehall persistently insert into legislation extra and unnecessary powers which may prove dangerous in the future, at least as precedents. Let me give a concrete case. In June, 1934, the Government introduced the Debts Clearing Offices and Import Restrictions Bill. It was proposed to empower the Board of Trade by Order to set up clearing houses in respect of the debts due from the nationals of the country named in the Order to our own nationals. It was provided in the Schedule that the Order itself might provide "for the punishment of any failure to comply with the Order or with the Section under which it is made." No limit was inserted. On June 26th, 1934, Mr. Dingle Foot moved an amendment to delete these words. The Solicitor-General of that date confessed that he was unable to cite any precedent for giving a Government department unlimited power to attach any penalty it pleased to a breach of one of its own Orders. After a long debate in which Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Stafford Cripps took part, Mr. Chamberlain, on behalf of the Government, acknowledged that there was substance in the objections and agreed to a manuscript amendment specifying a limited monetary penalty. This, be it noted, was a Board of Trade measure. During the last Parliamentary Session there was passed the Merchant Shipping (Spanish Frontages Observation) Bill 1937. By Section 3 it is laid down that:

> His Majesty may make such Orders in Council as appear to him to be necessary or expedient for the purpose of giving effect to any arrangements made in pursuance of the provisions of the Observation Agreement relating to merchant shipping . . . and any such Order may contain provision for the imposition by summary jurisdiction or otherwise of penalties in respect of breaches of the Order and provisions for the amendment of this Act or any other enactment relating to merchant shipping.

You will observe first that the principle to which the House of Commons objected in 1934 was inserted again by the same department, i.e., the Board of Trade, in 1937, and secondly, that the Government is given very wide powers by Order in Council to amend any act relating to Merchant Shipping. When this measure was before the House, the Liberal Opposition raised strong objection and were supported by some Labour men again including Sir Stafford Cripps. On this occasion, however, the Government succeeded in passing their proposals unamended on the plea that this was emergency legislation.

* * *

On the question of Lake District afforestation, prominent in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, I regret to see that one of the Forestry Commissioners, Sir George Courthope, is unaware of the aesthetic issue at stake. He

declares that he loves the Lake District as much as anyone, but that to his mind "the one thing it lacks is more trees!" Such a remark not only shows blindness to the special characteristics of much of the Lakeland scenery —the treeless austerity of Wasdale, for example, or the rich palette of colour which autumn brings to the bracken-clad fells about Buttermere Hause. It reveals oblivion to the variety of the Lake District, and to all that it means to have, so near together, a contrast like that between the woods of Borrowdale below Seatoller and the bare valley about Seathwaite. But most of all, Sir George Courthope astonishes one by his tacit assumption that trees are trees and that that's all there is to it. If the Forestry Commission could maintain and improve, and even here and there extend, the old deciduous copses, as a good landscape gardener might, few would object to their activities and most lovers of the Lakes would welcome them. But we all know that the business of the Forestry is to produce timber, that the delicious deciduous woodlands of the Lake country are less quickly valuable for their purposes, and that timber production under these conditions means uniform masses of mainly coniferous trees. These things have been pointed out again and again. Surely the Forestry Commissioners must see how ridiculous they are making themselves by all this pretence of being lovers of trees and improvers of the landscape? They plant trees only to cut them down; and they still, it seems, cling to their horrible method of slowly killing native trees by "ringing" them.

* * *

Many readers of the *Times* must have been puzzled by the following sentence that appeared in the *Times* report of Mr. Parker's speech in the debate on Foreign Affairs on December 21st:

> It was a great pity that what used to be considered the leading organ in this country—the *Times*—should *become the organ on behalf of the British Government*. That was the present position of that paper.

What Mr. John Parker really said is given in Hansard as follows:

> It is a great pity that we should have what used to be considered the leading organ in this country, the *Times, becoming an organ on behalf of a foreign Government*. That is the present position of that paper.

* * *

For a dozen years or more Hamish Miles, the sad news of whose death reached me on Tuesday, had been a contributor to this journal. He wrote mostly reviews, but he had the gift, unusual among literary journalists, of being delicately interested in anything that was going on, and he would report a bicycle race, a tattoo or a May-day procession as vividly as a book or a film. He introduced me, I remember, at different times to all-in wrestling, the poetry of St. J. Perse, Maginn's aphorisms, the Savile Club and *Young England* in its first week. One of the last times I saw him he was carrying the manuscript of T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint*, which he found absorbing. He travelled, he hunted, he subtly encouraged all he met. Yet despite so genial an activity he was the quietest man I have ever seen; without the door opening, he would stand in a corner of the room waiting for you to look up. The same unobtrusiveness and charm marked his work. He wrote little, and that little was spread over *The New Statesman and Nation, Life and Letters* (which for a time he edited), the *Times*. To the public he was known for his translations of Maurois. Yet he did much to help literature. The idea of a translators' guild came originally from him; with five others he founded *New Stories;* he discovered a number of young writers for Jonathan Cape. Few critics have had a better knowledge of French literature and a greater relish of English life (it was this that gave a distinctive flavour to his enjoyments). And, in collaboration with Raymond Mortimer, he wrote in *The Oxford Circus* a brilliant squib which had less success than it deserved. His achievement (he died at the early age of 43) may seem small when one remembers his talent and life of hard work. But writers, as he understood, are a class who work well only with encouragement, and he was indefatigably encouraging. Unlike almost every writer I know, he was without personal vanity—satisfied, one might almost say, to live anonymously.

* * *

An early event of the New Year to which I am looking forward with pleasure is the Exhibition of Chinese Art (January 8th to 28th, at 9 Conduit Street, W.1). The proceeds will go to providing urgently needed medical supplies, which will be administered by the International Red Cross and other agencies in China; but, apart from the humanitarian aspect, the Exhibition promises to be of unusual interest. Many collectors are lending pieces which have never before been shown to the public, and Mr. Eumorfopoulos, whose famous collection was bought by the nation, is contributing to the Exhibition some recent acquisitions. The assembled examples of Chinese art will be an impressive reminder of the inherited culture which Japanese militarism is endeavouring to destroy.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. D. Y. King.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

DOGS BARK APPLAUSE AT CINEMA.

Hundreds of dogs barked applause at the Odeon Cinema, York, yesterday afternoon when, with their owners, they had been invited to attend a special showing of the film "Storm in a Tea-Cup," in which the star is Scruffy, a sheepdog.

The audience included dogs of all shapes, sizes, and breeds, and they seemed fully to appreciate the film.

During the love-making scenes they were strangely quiet, but their enthusiasm knew no bounds when a fuss was made of Scruffy, and they obviously approved of him.

At the end of the film, when about 100 dogs appeared on the screen, there was a terrific round of canine applause.—*Daily Mail.*

Explaining why Poppy Day receipts in Gravesend are down this year, Mr. F. N. Mungean, Hon. Sec. of the local branch of the British Legion, stated at the annual meeting that it was difficult to obtain collectors, as most of the girls who usually sold emblems were making gas masks in local factories.—*Evening Standard.*

"When once you have fought for hours and ultimately landed a creature weighing over a thousand pounds," writes Mr. Mitchell-Hedges in his preface; "when your hands stink of fish and your clothes are wet through and slimy; when the boat is smothered in blood and guts and your muscles ache from head to foot, then you have done a man's job and will remain for ever a big-game fishing enthusiast."—Review in the *Field.*

One thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven years ago the shepherds were guided by the star in the East.

Marketwise men are looking at this time for the star in the West.

It is to the United States that people are now looking for hope and inspiration.—*Sunday Express.*

BLIND ANIMALS

THE arrival at the London Zoo of some blind fish from the Thysville Cavern in the Lower Congo will make many realise what Mr. H. G. Wells sought to expound in his dramatic *Country of the Blind;* namely, that in the Country of the Blind the sighted man is not necessarily king. These little fish, which closely suggest bright pink examples of our common barbel, though without any trace of seeing organs, are apparently at no disadvantage. They move with the same grace and agility as normal barbel, to which, indeed, they are closely related, and dart round their little world without ever colliding against the tank walls or becoming involved with the water plants.

These fish offer but one example of the many blind creatures abundant throughout the world, and if representatives of all could be gathered together, they would form a veritable sightless zoo. Blindness is, of course, a relative phenomenon, and every intermediate stage between keen sight and total lack of the seeing faculty can be found in Nature. Most blind creatures are inhabitants of the ocean deeps, or of terrestrial caverns, and it is the latter which have chiefly aroused our curiosity, and been accorded some study in detail. Naturalists are still at variance as to the precise cause of sightlessness. The theory that it is an acquired character handed on by heredity meets with a steady decrease of supporters. Rather do the majority of scientists incline to the view that it is the result of " cessation of selection." An organ, to be kept up to the mark, must be handed on from one generation to another by the mating of creatures well endowed with that particular organ. Where the organ tends to degenerate, its loss of function is similarly handed on, until in time the organ wholly disappears, or at best lingers only as a mere vestige.

Whilst blind animals of any notoriety come chiefly from far-distant lands, they are not entirely or exclusively foreign. Seven kinds of primitive insects known as springtails, for example, are known to inhabit the caverns of Mitchelstown in the south of Ireland. Our native mole and shrew have to some extent parted with their eyes, those organs being buried deep within the fur, and only functioning within a relatively limited range. They are, however, not by any means truly blind, any more than is the so-called blind mouse of China, or the hundreds of living kinds of bats. A curious anomaly presented by dwellers in darkness is that whereas some have developed eyes, like the owls, to make full use of the faintest light available, others appear to have given up the struggle, and to have dispensed with eyes altogether, relying instead upon other organs which have acquired a compensatory acuteness of sensibility. Most bats and many moles have elaborate sensory organs on their heads, and in the numerous cave fishes these sometimes extend to all parts of the body—an amplification of the " median line " seen in the majority of sighted fishes.

The subterranean lakes and caves of Jugo-Slavia and the famous Kentucky caves of North America have disclosed dozens of kinds of springtails, crickets, and beetles. Some of these are evident recruits to darkness, being not only sighted, but identical with species living above ground. Others have entirely parted with their eyesight and further confess to long retirement from daylight by their loss of pigmentation—a characteristic of most cave-dwellers. In some cave beetles, not only have the eyes vanished, but even the optic tracts of the brain have disappeared. The compensatory organs are often very grotesque, and are represented chiefly by the antennae. In some springtails—which are the prevalent cave insects—the feelers increase proportionately to the depth at which the insect lives, and in a certain cave grasshopper they exceed by five or six times the entire body length.

The vast series of limestone caverns ranging through Missouri have, of recent years, been thoroughly explored, and revealed a miniature jungle, in which the carnage must be quite as fierce as in the sunlit world. The insects prey one upon another, and all run from sightless fish, salamanders, and crayfishes, whilst blind water-lice feed upon the scanty vegetation and animal debris. The crayfish are pearly white, and, though quite blind, extraordinarily sensitive to their surroundings. They owe this to numerous " auditory " hairs, similar to those known to exist in the common lobster. These hairs, which in the cave crayfish are of great length and flourish on the creature's massive claws, connect with auxiliary nerve systems which link up with the central nerve chord and so convey messages to the creature's brain.

Of the many blind cave fishes it may be said that they in all probability voluntarily entered the caves long ago by subterranean channels, and that in certain Cuban cave fish, development probably took place parallel with the formation of the caves, so that the Cuban fish, more than other sightless fish, is peculiarly attuned to its environment. It has been noticed that where sighted fish similar to adjacent blind forms are deprived of their sight, they suffer no inconvenience, and rely almost entirely on their tactile organs for detecting prey or directing their course. One of the few " inshore " marine blind fishes is a small goby, living within the surf-line on the coast of California. In the same locality are various normal gobies, but whereas these scuttle about the rocks, the blind goby keeps entirely to holes and deep fissures, seldom venturing forth by daylight, and relying solely upon its sensitive papillae for active contact with its little world.

The highest sightless vertebrates of the underworld appear to be various salamanders, and much attention has lately been given to those frequenting the Stygian waters beneath the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas. In the environs of these great limestone shells is a numerous clan of salamanders, most of which lead normal lives. One species, however, after spending two years as a larva near the caves, descends by one of the numerous narrow inlets, loses its pigmentation, and forfeits the use of its eyes. In an aquarium it hides by day beneath any debris available, only venturing forth at night.

By far the most remarkable of all these cave salamanders is the Olm, or Proteus, discovered many years ago in the lakes in the limestone caves off the Eastern Adriatic coast. The limbs are so reduced and the body so elongated that the creature suggests an eel. The Proteus breathes always by means of external gills, all colouring has vanished from the skin, and the minute eyes hidden under the opaque skin are entirely sightless. If this degenerate-looking creature be exposed to daylight, the skin gradually takes on a dark pigmentation. Still more surprising is the effect of certain red light on young specimens. Under this influence the skin covering the eyes remains transparent, and the faculty of sight returns, a surprising enough phenomenon in a creature whose ancestors have been cut off from the visual world for many thousands of generations.

E. G. BOULENGER

BORING THE YOUNG

A SCOTTISH schoolmaster, Mr. Harry Blackwood, has been commenting on the fact that many of the younger generation take no interest in the world before 1914. He said that this was especially true in regard to literature, and that to young people nowadays Scott and Dickens seem to belong to almost as ancient—and therefore presumably uninteresting—a world as the Elizabethan romancers. " Teachers might deplore this," he added, " but they should not attempt the hopeless task of stemming the tide. It was better to guide pupils to the best of what they were willing to read than to attempt the impossible task of teaching them to like something which they regarded as antediluvian."

There I respectfully differ from Mr. Blackwood. I cannot believe that the nature of the young has changed out of all recognition in the past fifty years, and, if it has, then I think the tide ought to be stemmed at once. After all, there is nothing easier than stemming the tide. If Canute and Mrs. Partington failed to do so, it was simply because they were ignorant of the principles of engineering. But I doubt whether in the present instance Mr. Blackwood has observed the movement of the tide quite accurately. All the children I have ever known were very much interested in the world that was antediluvian or just missed being antediluvian. That admirable diluvian story of Noah and his ark was always a warm favourite in the nursery. The story of the discovery of the infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes rivalled the Elsie books in popularity with small girls. David's fight with Goliath and Samson's exploit with the jaw-bone of the ass fired the imagination as surely as any scene in Kingston or Henty. I am inclined to think indeed that for pure excitement I preferred as a child the ancient world to the modern.

The world of Jack the Giant-killer was distant in time, but it was nearer my taste than *The Young Fur-traders*. We

were no modernists in those days, and did not despise Bluebeard as an out-dated monster. The labours of Hercules, even in Latin, were thrilling; and the Wooden Horse of Troy forced its way into a lighted place in our imaginations for ever. That these tales have become musty in the eyes of the young is to me incredible.

Probably, however, Mr. Blackwood had in mind older children—children who have passed in their literary tastes from the fairy-tale to the penny dreadful and the magazine-story. Here, I fancy, the young were always divided into two camps—those who were bored by the books their fathers commended to them and those who, having taken a second look at them, discovered that their fathers were right. There was a time, I know, when I found it hard to believe that anything Sir Walter Scott had written could be half so good as *Convict* 99. My passion for serial stories was the despair of my schoolmasters. At last, weary of being told that my favourite reading was rubbish, I went out and bought a paper-backed copy of *Guy Mannering* for fourpence-halfpenny. No doubt, I skipped a good deal of it, but I was soon under a spell the memory of which has made me impatient of any harsh criticism of Scott ever since. I am sure that most of the young who cannot read Scott are boys and girls who have never acquired the art of skipping. It is an art that should be taught in the schools. The plodding way of reading is enough to destroy anyone's taste in literature. It is the result of a false belief in the verbal inspiration of great writers. No great writer is quite so inspired as that. When once you have made up your mind to this, reading becomes easy. Many a man can skip his way through Wordsworth who could not plod his way through Wordsworth. Skipping as an exercise, indeed, is as salutary to the brain as to the body.

Even if the young were not interested in the literary classics, however, I should still be in favour of boring them with them. I do not see why the young should not be occasionally bored. It does not do them the slightest harm, and sharpens the appetite for after-school enjoyment. I do not think I have ever been more profoundly bored by an author than I was by Julius Caesar. Whether it was because Caesar was a very poor writer or because I was a very poor reader, I leave it to scholars to judge, and I have no doubt that the scholars will come down on the side of Caesar. But he certainly seemed to me at the time to be as dull as a bad sermon, and nothing can be duller than that. I do not consider the time I spent with him wasted, however. I liked the language he wrote in, though I did not like what he wrote in it. And he made Virgil and Horace seem extraordinarily interesting by comparison. All things are relative, and, if I had not been bored by Caesar, I might never have realised how good the *Aeneid* is. Perhaps, in the same way, if the young are thoroughly bored with Scott, they will learn to appreciate all the more the merits of Thackeray and Stevenson.

In any case, I should bore them. Part of every class must necessarily be bored. I myself was bored for years with algebra, but, as I never attended to it, this gave my brain a useful rest between the classes in which I was interested. It is said that methods have been discovered of making mathematics interesting even to the meanest intellect; but they were not known in my day. You either took to mathematics like a duck to water, or you had not the least notion what they were about. It may be thought because of this that one's time was wasted in the algebra class. Far from it. One was being taught one's limitations, and was learning a lesson in humility. At least, one might have been if one had not had such a contempt for mathematics.

If then the devotees of science have the right—as, it is generally agreed, they have—to bore us with mathematics, why should the devotees of literature be denied the right to bore a certain number of their pupils with great books? If you make *Paradise Lost* a text-book, it is almost certain that at least half the class will be bored, but in my time at school we took it for granted that, though you must not bore all the boys all the time, you had at least the right to bore some of the boys some of the time. The proverb says that you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink; but this is not an argument against taking horses to the water. Some of them will always benefit by it, and the rest may in time profit by their example.

In the same way, I think it is a good thing to take the young to the well of great literature. Mr. Blackwood maintains that "it is better to guide pupils to the best of what they are willing to read"; but it seems to me that to leave the young in ignorance of pre-war literature is as bad as to leave them in ignorance of the post-war world. Perhaps, however, Mr. Blackwood has a subtle design behind his proposal. I suspect him of plotting to bore the young out of their present tastes by turning their favourite novels into text-books. This seems to me to be a promising idea. Prepare a heavily annotated edition of *Bull-dog Drummond*, and make it the subject of lesson after lesson in class, and it will be noticed before long that one boy after another takes the book in his hands with a look of loathing. It is said that many people owe their dislike of Shakespeare to their having been compelled to study him with dry-as-dust notes at school. If the policy of annotation and pedantry has succeeded in alienating hundreds of thousands of people from Shakespeare, why should not a similar policy be equally successful in alienating the young from modern fiction? I have heard it said that *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is the most popular work of fiction among school-children to-day. Well, then, why not make the book the subject of school-examinations? Give the children lumps of it to translate into French and make them write out their favourite passage fifty times as an imposition. Compel them to parse and analyse sentences from it. Link it up with the chief dates of the French Revolution; give them a long dull botanical talk about the pimpernel, mentioning its Latin name; and ask them to define various words such as "elusive." Finally, set them to write an essay on the technique of the author. Within a year, unless I am mistaken, you will have successfully sickened your class of modern literature.

Meanwhile, it will be well to warn the children against Scott and Dickens as frivolous authors who wrote in a century in which people read only for amusement and excitement. Leave their books lying about, but suggest that they do not belong to the class of which schoolbooks are made, and that no boy or girl should dream of reading them except for pleasure. Associating the books with pleasure, boy after boy will soon be found prying into the maligned masterpieces, and, when once they begin to pry, they will be as good as captured for literature. A little later, Shakespeare and Milton will become popular heroes, and Tennyson will come into his own again. Mr. Blackwood is undoubtedly right. Bore the children we must, but in the past we have made the mistake of boring them with the authors we most admired. How much better to bore them with the authors *they* most admire! Along these lines I think the future teaching of English literature will have a success undreamed-of in the past. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE VULNERABILITY OF JAPAN

SIR,—Your reply to Miss Freda Utley's letter in your issue of December 25th fails to convince me that you are right, and she is wrong. It seems to me, indeed, that you allow yourself to be mesmerised by the bogy of war which the reactionaries conjure up—when it suits their purposes to do so.

Let us try to imagine the situation which would exist if Britain and the U.S.A. imposed complete economic sanctions against Japan, at the same time withdrawing, as they presumably would have the sense to do, all their nationals (including their armed forces) beyond effective reach of the armed forces of Japan. Japan would forthwith find herself deprived of almost all the raw materials required for her industries (not only for her war industries) and of almost every market for her export trade. What could she do about it? Experience has shown that the

occupation of vast areas in China has not eased, but has rather, as Miss Utley points out in her letter, aggravated, the economic difficulties of Japan. Would the occupation of more Chinese territory, of Hongkong, or even of Indo-China, the Philippines and Borneo (where the oil wells could easily be rendered useless for immediate purposes) bring relief to Japan in the short time that would elapse before her industrial machine came almost to a standstill and before millions of starving unemployed would be clamouring for the blood of those who had led them to disaster? One can even picture the possibility of having the Japanese Government begging us to let them have fuel to repatriate their armies in order to stave off revolution at home!

You are probably correct, however, when you write that we should not deceive ourselves into thinking that our Government or that of the U.S.A. are prepared to take economic action now which they have refused to take hitherto. It is possible, I think, that the U.S. Government would like to take such action, but only on condition that the British Government did likewise, which the latter will certainly decline to do. The British Government will decline, not because it is afraid of the risk of war, but because it realises too well what effect such action would have—in China, as well as in Japan. British finance-capital, having sacrificed British export trade and its direct capital interests in the Far East for political reasons, would be extremely loth to be deprived now of its reward. A bankrupt Japan, victorious in China, would be compelled to allow the City to recoup its losses, and doubtless a good deal more, by providing her, on "suitable" terms, with the capital she would need for the exploitation of the natural wealth, cheap labour and vast market of China. A victorious China, on the other hand, would prove of far less interest to the foreign money-lender: she could hardly be expected to pay reparations for the damage committed by the Japanese (by permission of the foreigner), and would be in no mood to revert to the licensed exploitation which was tolerated, perhaps unwillingly, hitherto by Chiang Kai-Shek.

I cannot but feel that the struggle in China should not be considered as of less importance than that in Spain, though admittedly the possibility of the Workers' Movement affecting the outcome contrary to the wishes of their opponents is greater in the latter case, and although the effect of such a victory would be more immediately apparent. Surely these are merely two phases of the world-wide struggle of capitalism to force the workers back into the state of slavery from which they are emerging or are attempting to emerge; a struggle of which another phase may open any day in Central Europe if we show signs of swallowing the bluff of that war, which the reactionaries themselves have more cause than we to fear at present.

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UNSCIENTIFIC HUMANISM AND THE FASCIST MOVEMENT

SIR,—In view of the challenge of Dictatorship to education in democratic countries the "general knowledge" paper on pp. 1102–3 of your issue of December 25th may throw light on one of two alternatives: (*a*) how far education in the latter cultivates the kinds of knowledge which the hydro-electric age demands from constructive statesmanship; (*b*) how far THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is actually in touch with democratic educational machinery.

Over my Christmas dinner I have made a very cursory and not necessarily very accurate analysis of the paper. It contains in all 133 separate items for identification. Where I know my ignorance I have classified items as "unassigned." Maybe I am mistaken about a few, and perhaps opinions might differ about the categories in which one or two others might be placed. With these reservations the classification is as follows:

Literary, pictorial, architectural, virtuosity	95	Natural Science, public health and medicine	2
Classical knowledge	15	Civics, modern history, archaeology	0
Sporting, horticultural, domestic	3	Unassigned	15
Etymological	3		

Of those listed "unassigned," 8 seem to me to be trade or street jargon. This leaves 7 to be distributed over natural science, medicine, public health, constitutional and modern history, economic and social questions, foreign affairs, archaeology or psychology. If all of them rightly belong to one or another of the last-named fields of knowledge I deplore my ignorance. Still, not more than about 9 out of 133 separate items (or less than 7 per cent.) of the total then have any relevance to the sort of knowledge on which the conduct, the continued progress and the preservation of modern democracy most depend. Minor inaccuracies in a cursory examination, or differences of opinion in classifying the material, would not significantly affect the conclusion drawn.

It will be said that the paper was set for fun. Like Mr. Chesterton, I believe that people display their true valuations in the sources from which they derive their fun. So, fun or otherwise, it has its serious side, the political significance of which in the present situation is twofold. One aspect of it is that it caters especially for a technique of persuasion which is losing ground in modern politics. The other is that it caters especially for the cultural values of the wealthier classes and displays an arrogant contempt for the cultural values of the classes who occupy the key positions in modern industry. Both are relevant to the dangers of Fascism to which you frequently allude in your columns, because both have relevance to the reservoir of personnel from which either Fascism or Socialism will recruit its brain power.

The last forty years have witnessed a revolution of human communications perhaps more spectacular than all previous changes since the first temple observatories were erected by the rivers of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It is not without significance to current politics that, although our children grow up to realise what Europe owes to the printing press, our new statesmen, nurtured on Aristotle's Constitution of Athens and seasoned on the exploits of the Oxford Union, are still blind to the new potentials of moulding mass opinion through the radio and cinema. A recent incident is eloquent. In the round up of the Cagoulards, according to one report, the drag net of the Front Populaire brought to light a set-up of infra-red ray signals to conceal a secret store of arms. How different from the times of Burke or the 18th Brumaire, when it was still possible to argue whether the pen was mightier than the sword. Those were the days of the pamphleteers, and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION with its ninety literary quotations is still living in the age of the pamphleteers. We are not. We are living in the age of the engineers, and the spark gap is mightier than the pen. Democracy will not be salvaged by men who can debate fluently, write elegantly, and quote aptly.

Everywhere in highly industrialised communities its fate hangs on a single thread. If the new creative personnel of a mechanised society can be enlisted in a task which will vastly increase its own opportunities for creative service, the transition to Socialism from a demoralised and discredited capitalism is assured. If fear of chaos, or an unwelcome attitude on the Left, drives it to offer its services to a dictator movement, it will become an indomitable instrument for destroying democracy, freedom of discourse and the hope of peace. With them will also perish the moribund Mediterranean culture which passes as the general knowledge of the new statesmen.

What makes the task of Fascism a thousand times easier in bidding for their support is the intellectual values of its opponents. Capitalist industry has brought into existence and depends for its conduct on a widely diffused educational network of county secondary schools, technical institutes and provincial universities whose products are, for better or worse, the bulk of the creative personnel of our age. Their curricula constitute for better or worse the culture of the age we live in. From the class so educated Fascism will draw its leaders—or Socialism will recruit officers who can draft a programme of constructive planning. At present it is undecided, increasingly disillusioned and ripe for political awakening. The leaders of Fascism know this only too well. They are intelligent enough to flatter, to cajole, and to exploit the crass snobbery of old school tie Socialism. Meanwhile our one Left weekly sedulously cultivates a class consciousness hostile to Socialism by a consistently arrogant championship of outworn social values which offer no constructive hope for the future of civilisation.

Nothing I have read in the political articles of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION makes me afraid that Fascism will succeed in Britain, because so many features of the Central European situation are clearly lacking. What fills me with alarm is the latter half, because we have here something which recalls one essential ingredient of defeat. If social democracy cannot face the present storm with the steadfastness and assurance of men and women who are participating in the birth of a new and better social culture, its own values will make way for a more virile creed. And since the time for plain speaking has come, let me add

this. Though I am a lifelong Socialist, perusal of Mr. Raymond Mortimer's articles has sometimes almost tempted me to go out and buy a copy of *Action*.

Aberdeen. LANCELOT HOGBEN

[Tut, tut! Our correspondent takes the fun too seriously. Spark gaps or otherwise, we cannot salvage democracy in every column of the paper.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CIVILISATION AND TOLERATION

SIR,—May I, in the interests of historical justice, suggest a slight qualification of your article "Charity Begins—?" It seems to imply that the Reformation introduced the idea of toleration. Calvin, Henry VIII, John Knox, the Puritans in England or New England? The last are a test case, for they were not threatened by any ecclesiastical tyranny—except their own. Secondly, though I hold no brief for the prolonged obscurantism of the Spanish Church, Mr. Trevor Davies (a real historian, who has no axe to grind and has just examined all the evidence again) has come to the conclusion that the Spanish Inquisition was in many ways "more just and humane than almost any tribunal in Europe," and that "the number of persons burnt alive in Spain was surprisingly small, smaller perhaps than in other countries, such as England." The Kingsley-Froude tradition dies hard, but we have only to read Froude himself to feel doubts about it.

Lastly, were we really more civilised than Spain in the eighteenth century? For poisoning or for counterfeiting coin (to the Inquisition less deadly sins than heresy) women were still sentenced to be burnt to death; as late as 1786 a woman was burnt in front of Newgate in the presence of a huge crowd of spectators.

Severn Lawn, H. G. DALWAY TURNBULL
Walton by Clevedon,
Somerset.

NEW ROADS OR OLD?

SIR,—Mr. Turner, in his letter attacking my article on roads, accuses me of being a motorist selfishly seeking my own ends.

Surely we have clearly reached the point when there are only two ways of dealing with the road traffic problem, either to throttle down the motor transport industry, or to construct roads adequate for its needs. A tenth of the working male population is engaged directly in that industry. Every other industry in the country suffers because of the burdens due to the inadequacy of the road system.

It is clear that Mr. Turner thinks I demand Speedways for "the rather objectionable few." What I want to see are Safeways for all to use. And Mr. Turner's opinion of motor users is made clearer still when he refers to the taxes they pay as "Luxury" taxes. That is palpably absurd. The enormous sums collected by the State from motor users are made up of licences, and petrol and oil duties. They are graded so that the commercial vehicles pay most, and it is also the commercial consumers of petrol and oil who again pay more. I have no doubt that Mr. Turner's milk delivered in Wimbledon Park has reached him with the aid of motor transport. Is that, or the distribution of any other commodity, a luxury affair?

In the U.S.A. casualties are enormous. They have only begun, however, to segregate traffic and to construct new roads. On the Autobahnen of Germany, where they have only put into use a part of those plans, the accidents are some 90 per cent. less in proportion to the amount of traffic than on the old roads. Is not the Kingston By-pass, and many another, a death trap, because ribbon building was allowed, and because proper segregation of traffic was not attempted? New roads properly built, and avoiding urban areas, will not spoil our countryside. Their construction will give work, and their use will save life and enhance the national efficiency.

18 Picton Place, C. BOYD BOWMAN.
London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE PAY

SIR,—In your comment on Civil Service conditions you refer to the forward moves which are being taken by two of the Service Unions to obtain improved rates of pay. You then go on to say that this movement "has annoyed some of the other associations which would have preferred to keep quiet for fear of annoying the officers at the top of the service." The impression thus conveyed is completely erroneous, for there is not the slightest justification for saying that Civil Service Unions are unwilling to prosecute wage claims "for fear of annoying officers at the top of the service."

Our own Association is the second largest clerical Trade Union in the Civil Service, with some 15,000 members. It will perhaps help to correct the impression which your comment must have left in the minds of your readers if I say that at the present time 10,500 members in various sections of our 15,000 membership are covered by wage claims recently put forward on their behalf.

Five distinct claims have been submitted to the Official Side covering various sections of our members during the present year and a sixth is in course of submission. Negotiations have broken down on four of the claims and we have already submitted terms of reference for hearing by the Arbitration Tribunal. These claims, if they are successful, will cost the Treasury nearly £100,000 during the next year alone.

On the cost of living question, I speak with some diffidence, because we are but one of the associations involved in the decision of the Staff Side of the Civil Service not to proceed with a claim for compensation at the present time. That decision, however, is not based on fear of annoying anybody. It is based upon the Staff Side judgment of the present economic situation.

As you are aware, the remuneration of Civil Servants was for many years tied to a sliding scale, which moved upwards or downwards in accordance with the cost of living figure. When the figure was going up all was well; when it was coming down wages fell at six-monthly intervals with monotonous regularity.

In consequence, during 1920 and 1921 the Civil Service enjoyed a boom. From 1922 to 1926, the figure was more or less stationary at a definitely lower figure than in the two years immediately preceding. But from December, 1926 to 1934, the figure rolled down with deadly effect month after month, and wages followed suit. Then, in 1934, the Government consolidated Civil Service wages. They were no longer to be governed by the cost of living figure, but were to be fixed permanently by relation to a cost of living figure of 55. And the Civil Service heaved a sigh of relief, for here was some stability at last, and the housewife knew what to expect from her husband's wage packet month by month.

Now the cost of living figure has risen to 60, and some people would have us return to the uncertainty of the sliding scale. The majority of the Civil Service believes this to be a rash step in the present state of world economics. Grounds are not wanting for supporting the view that the present industrial boom, and with it high prices, has reached, and in fact passed, its peak. Wholesale prices have certainly been falling during the last few months. Can we look forward to a consequential fall of retail price levels? Last month, the unemployment figures increased by 108,000. Shall we see a further substantial increase this month? Your own City Correspondent in your last issue said that there were signs that "something much more significant than a seasonal slacking is taking place." Is he right? These are the sort of questions the Civil Service wants answered before it returns to sliding scale wages based on the Index Figure.

The measure of compensation which would be obtained between 55 and 60 is so small, and the uncertainties of the continued rise of the Index are so great that the Service wants to be much more sure of future trends of wage and price levels before it rushes in with a claim for compensation at the present time.

The sliding scale has proved a misfortune in the past. If the cost of living rises appreciably above 60 we may have to return to such a basis. But it will be with considerable reluctance and with the memory of eight years' steady lowering of wages in our minds. A. L. N. D. HOUGHTON

Inland Revenue Staff Federation,
7 and 9 St. George's Square, S.W.1.

[Our reference to "keeping quiet" did not refer to any refusal to prosecute wage-claims, but only to the desirability of holding public demonstrations in support of them. We agree that a return to the sliding scale would be risky.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CARBIDE AND VANDALISM

SIR,—Your comment on the Caledonian Power Bill reveals fundamental misconceptions of the nature of the scheme and of the opposition to it, and also of Highland needs and aspirations. The real question at issue is whether the Highlands are to be developed, or preserved as an uninhabited, although no doubt beautiful, wilderness and playground for millionaires.

The Highlands are as much a distressed area as is South Wales,

whatever touring Londoners may think—consult the unemployment and emigration figures if you disbelieve me. The opposition to the Bill in the Highlands is confined to a number of landlords, mostly English and absentee, and to Inverness Town Council. The objection of the latter is based upon fear that interference with the head waters of the Ness will end the spring floods, which at present scour the river bed into which the town discharges untreated sewage. The Town Council, however, has refused assistance to extend its sewage pipes, and so far has even refused to discuss its objections with the engineers for the promoters. Inverness has no right to claim that because its sewage system is old-fashioned Highland water power must not be developed. Moreover, the proposed scheme will not only end flooding but will considerably increase the minimum flow. The result will be to prevent floods washing high up the bank and the collection of sewage on the river bed when the river is low. This dispute is one to be cleared up in the Committee stage: it affords no ground for rejection of the Bill out of hand.

The South Wales project is not, I understand, going to proceed unless the Caledonian Power Bill is approved, as the one is regarded as purely ancillary to the other. The Caledonian scheme will give much needed work in the Highlands during construction, employ 500 men permanently and will afford a supply of electricity in areas where it is at present unknown. It is all very well to oppose this Bill if one has something to offer to the Highlands in its place. I have been waiting ever since the defeat of the last Bill to hear its opponents raise the question of Highland reconstruction, but they remain dumb. How genuine then is their present solicitous regard for its scenic beauties?

The "vandalism" issue is much publicised, but in actual fact there should be very little spoliation of scenery. I personally regard neither dams nor power stations, nor even pylons, as necessarily disfiguring; their presence is inseparable from any water power scheme whether publicly or privately owned. Rather than damn the scheme altogether beauty lovers should endeavour to ensure that all works constructed under it are aesthetically acceptable. Moreover, the district to be most affected is not only practically uninhabited, but is also practically unknown to tourists. The only major work in the Great Glen will be the actual factory at Corpach, not far from the present aluminium works: one more factory cannot "despoil" Glen Mhor. The "vandalism" campaign is being financed and instigated by the landlords who wish to preserve the Highlands as their private game park. I have lived in the Highlands all my life and am a native of Inverness, and am not indifferent to the beauty of my native land. But as a socialist I believe that natural resources should be developed, provided, of course, that there are proper safeguards. It is purely doctrinaire to talk about "the profit of a private company" when there is not the remotest possibility of any public body taking the matter in hand.

The great majority of Scottish M.P.s and all but one Highland M.P. voted for the Bill on the last occasion. With all due deference we in Scotland know considerably more about the matter than the English and Welsh M.P.s who had the Bill rejected in order to satisfy parochial jealousy. I suggest that with a fuller understanding of the Highlands you would not have used arguments which could be used to oppose any capitalist enterprise, anywhere and at any time. M. M.

Kessock House, Inverness.

NEW FABIAN RESEARCH BUREAU

SIR,—We, the undersigned, would like to draw the attention of your readers to the work of what we believe to be a very valuable organisation—the New Fabian Research Bureau.

Social progress in a highly developed civilisation demands that a great deal of solid research work should be carried out before the main lines of social policy can be correctly laid down. The primary aim of the New Fabian Research Bureau is to carry out this research work. Its function is not to present a policy of its own but to discover and systematise the facts which must be taken into consideration if effort is not to be wasted in striving after impossible or undesirable ends.

Since Bournemouth, the Labour Movement has entered with vigour and determination a new phase of the struggle for power. It is not enough to confine this energy to propaganda—it must also be used in preparing schemes to be put into operation when a Labour Government takes office.

So far, N.F.R.B. has published thirty-seven research pamphlets and seven books in the six years of its existence. It has through them achieved a reputation for reliability and a high standard of work. Besides these, it has completed numerous memoranda for private or special circulation, and has rendered assistance to its members, to the Labour Movement, to local authorities and progressive bodies, which is valued highly. It has also organised numerous conferences and study groups in connection with its work, and issues a Quarterly Journal. More than this, it has collected around itself a number of experts in various subjects whose advice is always available.

We should be grateful if you would allow us, through the medium of your columns, to recommend this organisation to your readers. Research cannot, of its nature, be self-supporting; it must be financed by private subscription. At the moment N.F.R.B. is prevented by lack of finance from undertaking a good deal of necessary and valuable research. It will be found, we are sure, that membership of N.F.R.B. will repay the comparatively small annual subscriptions—10*s.* 6*d.* to two guineas—in the interest which it provides, apart from the very great social value of its research work. Further particulars can be obtained from the General Secretary, 37 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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PEACE BY PUDDINGS

SIR,—To appear in "This England" is a rare honour. But I should like to make it clear that the extract from the *Liverpool Echo* of the Oxford University Pacifist Association's letter which was sent with a Christmas pudding to General Franco was only a partial quotation. In point of fact the letter stated that a similar pudding had been sent to Dr. Negrin.

Though you have made the gesture "memorable," it was not merely intended as what the provincial papers would call an "undergraduate prank." It was a tiny symbol of that persistent optimism which the pacifist must retain if he is to be of any use to the world. "The good will not be long in coming all over Europe if we trust in ourselves," wrote D. H. Lawrence in 1915. That is as hard to believe now as it was then. But perhaps, after all, peace by puddings is no less likely than peace by Lewisite. RICHARD SYMONDS

Aston Rise, (Secretary, Oxford University Pacifist
Henley-on-Thames. Association)

POLICE EVIDENCE OF CHARACTER

SIR,—When an accused person either pleads or is found guilty in a Criminal Court, it is usual for a police officer to go into the witness box and make a statement as to the antecedents of the guilty person, for the purpose of assisting the court to decide upon a suitable sentence. The statement is, of course, primarily as to previous convictions, and the facts such as past employment, home circumstances, army record, etc., that are relevant.

There has, however, grown up of late a practice of incorporating in such a statement (which is frequently unsworn) the opinion of the police as to the character or activities of the accused, an opinion which, however well or ill founded, possesses, to say the least of it, a strong official bias. Only too often, especially in cases where the accused is not represented by Counsel or Solicitor, the sentence of the court is swayed just as much by what the police think the culprit has or may have done, as by the actual crime of which he has been found guilty.

A particularly grave instance is that of a recent case in the Marylebone Police Court in which a girl of 25 pleaded guilty to the offence of being in possession of cocaine. The magistrate was obviously disposed to take a lenient view, and had already addressed to the girl some admonitory remarks preparatory to binding her

over, when a Scotland Yard detective went into the box and stated (without being sworn) that the girl was in his opinion a trafficker in drugs (a much graver offence, with which she had not been charged), that she was an associate of a well-known trafficker who was then undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for that offence, and that the Home Office took a grave view of the case. Upon hearing this serious statement, the magistrate, not unnaturally, changed his attitude, and remanded the defendant for a week in custody.

Fortunately the girl was represented by Counsel, and at the resumed hearing cross-examination of the detective elicited the following remarkable information:

1. His only grounds for saying she was a trafficker were that he did not know that the girl herself was a drug addict, and he therefore assumed that she had the drug for the purpose of re-sale.

2. He based his statement of association with a trafficker merely upon the fact that this man's name appeared in a telephone directory found in the girl's flat. Further cross-examination showed that this directory was in several writings (he admitted he did not know the defendant's handwriting) and that another girl who was admittedly a friend of the man in question, had, some time previously, shared the defendant's flat with her.

3. The "grave view" of the Home Office was based exclusively upon his report to them.

It is gratifying that, upon this revelation, the magistrate ignored the police statement, and adhered to his original intention, binding the girl over for two years, so that the only effect of the detective's intervention was that the defendant was forced to spend a week in custody which she would not otherwise have done. But it is deplorable to think what might have happened in this case had the defendant not been represented, and what does beyond question happen in other similar cases where police statements of this sort are allowed to influence the court without being adequately challenged.

COUNSEL

Miscellany

A FRENCH MUSICIAN

MOST famous musicians show their special aptitude very early and Maurice Ravel, who died this week at the age of sixty-three, was no exception, for he was sent to Paris at the age of twelve to study pianoforte under H. Ghis and theory under Charles René. In 1889, at the age of fourteen, he entered the Paris Conservatoire where nearly all celebrated French musicians have been trained and it is interesting to remember that his master for composition was Gabriel Fauré. Every now and then there is an attempt made by fatigued critics and musical amateurs to elevate the ear-soothing platitudes of Fauré to a higher niche in the temple of fame, but, unfortunately, they are as soft as wax, coloured candles and melt in the blaze of such publicity. Whatever Ravel learnt from Fauré he did not acquire this melting softness, but, on the contrary, was at first labelled as a "revolutionary" and even as "dangerous."

Thus he did not win the Prix de Rome, for which he competed in 1901 and again in 1902 and 1903, and was obliged to content himself with the second prize, being thus unluckier in this respect than Berlioz himself, who having won the second prize went on to win the first. The French have an even more peculiar way of behaving to their most talented musicians than other peoples and one might even go so far as to say that France hardly deserves ever to possess a great composer. In most countries, sooner or later, the devil gets his due, the more meretricious become exposed, the dubious cases become more or less dubious and the few whose art is truly superior and creative become visible through the fog of fictitious notoriety or the golden haze of richly deserved popularity. This never happens in France in respect of music, but I suppose it would not be true of the plastic and literary arts for which the French seem to have a more natural and certain taste.

That this may not seem a mere dogmatic statement on my part I must remind the reader that although Germany long ago recognised Berlioz as the greatest composer France has yet produced, the French are as far as ever from accepting him as such; indeed, to French musicians Berlioz remains as barbarous as Shakespeare seemed to their writers prior to about 1830. That astonishingly shrewd and erudite Frenchwoman, Nadia Boulanger, has twice visited London during the past two years and given the English public performances of French music, but Berlioz has never figured in her programmes, although she has more than once performed Fauré's smooth, unctuous, mellifluous, but totally insignificant, Requiem. The French also still pretend that one of their most dreary, and long-winded masters of the commonplace, Ernest Chausson, is a great composer, whereas even in England his music would not be considered equal to that of Stanford. Germany has long ago recovered from the plague of Wagnerism, but at its worst it produced Humperdinck in Germany as against a Charpentier in France—another proof that the national musical taste of the French is the worst in civilised Europe.

In no other part of the Northern Hemisphere, not even in Canada, could Ravel ever have been mistaken for a revolutionary composer. On the contrary, he is a true successor of Saint-Saëns, now a much under-rated composer who had, however, qualities which we may describe as traditionally French: namely, extraordinary technical aptitude, clarity of form, tonal acuteness, enormous manipulative skill, brilliant intelligence, a taste so faultless as to become in itself vulgar and nothing whatever to say. As an aural machine, Ravel, like Saint-Saëns, was marvellous and they were both youthful prodigies. Only a musician totally destitute of creative genius could have composed a piece such as *Bolero*, which is nullity made prodigious by a peculiar ability to which I once in these columns gave the name of trashosity. Even the more justly famous Fragments symphoniques, *Daphnis et Chloé*, of the second series of which Toscanini gave such a memorable performance in the Queen's Hall last year, is essentially very little superior to *Bolero*. Its virtues are wholly material—which again may be looked upon as a French characteristic. The fineness of Ravel's ear and the power he possessed of elaborate yet transparently clear scoring is remarkable and it is a quality that musicians both in England and Germany should be ready to appreciate because it is one in which most of our composers are decidedly lacking. If music were only a matter of material then Ravel would have to be given a high place because he can provide musical tapestries of a clarity of colour and a distinctness and gracefulness of design which would be very agreeable in a maker of carpets or wallpapers.

It is true that something of the same sort can be said against Debussy, but Debussy had, in my opinion, an originality which Ravel lacked, and although we have long since found that Debussy's writing for the pianoforte does not wear very well and, except for a few pieces, must be judged as rather thin and insipid, a mere surface tintinnabulation, yet in some of his orchestral pieces, such as *Le Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, *Fêtes* and *Sirènes* there is a vital and personal sensuous apprehension of nature which I would venture to call creative. Also, in his opera, *Pélleas et Mélisande*, Debussy has succeeded in creating a self-substantial dream-world which may be compared to a Hans Andersen fairy-tale in that it has a convincing validity of its own. This is the mark of a superior artist though not necessarily one of the highest rank. But Ravel, in my opinion, has no such claim, although one must not forget to give him his due and to add that he was a highly gifted musician and a superb craftsman. Also he was not a mere technician, he had taste and judgment; what he lacked was something more fundamental, something which is a common lack among musicians everywhere to-day where there is an abundance of cleverness and extraordinary ability but a hollowness within that seems absolute. Ravel, in these circumstances, must be praised for not having succumbed to the temptation to supply an idealistic hocus-pocus. There was

nothing high-falutin or pretentious about his work, which was always straightforward and extremely well done. In these days, when one can get away with almost anything if one is careful to give it the acceptable label, this integrity of Ravel's must be looked upon as a great virtue.

W. J. TURNER

SINCE CÉZANNE: EPILOGUE

I

RARELY do painters whom I respect ask me to write about their mystery. Wherefore, when several of this sort, after visiting the exhibition of Indépendants (1895-1937) at the Petit Palais, and the less but still important exhibition at the Jeu de Paume, suggested that " I should do something about it," I was at once flattered and suspicious. Why did they wish me to write? As I surmised, it was not because they attached excessive importance to my critical opinions; but because they thought that this extraordinarily complete picture of an artistic movement, presented by the Paris exhibitions, amounted to an artistic event, and that probably no living writer was better placed than I for seeing it steadily and whole. And, to be sure, I am well placed. My early enthusiasms, during the first decade of the century, were for these painters and sculptors; I helped to organise important shows of their work—the first and second post-impressionist exhibitions in London, for instance; so long as they needed defence I defended them, if not always discreetly, at least with vigour and some success; and later when their merits were generally recognised—or at any rate proclaimed—I followed closely their developments and commented on them from time to time. For me the surprise of these exhibitions was to see as essential parts of a whole, and in the serene and museum-like atmosphere of official deference, pictures which I had saluted on their first appearance as isolated triumphs or audacious experiments. And, if " request of friends " be the pretext, surprise is the motive of this essay.

Let me say at once that it is a pleasant surprise. As one of those respected artists who urged me to the task said: " You will have this advantage; instead of having to make the best of a bad job, as you generally must do when you write about a large, mixed collection of contemporary paintings, you will have to make the worst of a good one." That saying shall be my motto. I will curb my enthusiasm rather than spur.

Yet my first emotion was bound to be disappointment. Here, badly shown, in the Petit Palais, is the work of a hundred and seventeen painters and sculptors, some five and twenty of whom in my childish excitement I hailed as masters. It goes without saying that the proportion is not so high. Some have belied their promise and sunk to triviality or insignificance. Others have fulfilled it amply, only I now perceive that what they promised was much less than I some thirty years ago imagined. Remain by any reckoning four masters—Bonnard, Matisse, Picasso, Maillol; a dozen artists; and a number of sound painters, several of whom, on the wings of sudden inspiration, can rise for short spells into the high regions of art. We did well to be excited. Indeed, I maintain that anyone who was young or youngish between 1900 and 1914 and failed to respond to so genuine and stirring a commotion must have been downright stockish.

The best painter at the Petit Palais, which means the best alive, is, in my opinion, Bonnard. His roomful of pictures, next door to a roomful of Vuillards—though both are deplorably set out—demonstrates his superiority convincingly. The delightful artist, whom formerly one was tempted to consider Bonnard's equal, cuts a fine figure: but his art has not grown subtler with the years. On the contrary, his taste—and in Vuillard's art taste counts for much—has become less sure. What is worse, a tendency, latent from the first, to obtain beauty by representing beautiful things instead of creating beauty out of things beautiful or ugly, is becoming masterful. Vuillard is not growing into that almost supernatural ripeness into which the greatest painters—Titian, Renoir—seem to grow; a ripeness in which all idiosyncrasies and mannerisms and tricks of the trade are merged, leaving nothing but a complete artistic personality which, for better or worse, the artist projects whole into whatever task he takes in hand. I am thinking of Titian's *Entombment* and those great female figures which Renoir modelled—if that be the word—in his extreme old age. Bonnard, I believe, is attaining this state of final maturity. Many of his most delectable felicities—strokes of technical finesse, witty observation—are in process of being absorbed into a new synthesis. And that, I suppose, is why some of his later pictures look like positive failures. But others, it seems to me, possess a depth and finality hardly to be found in his earlier and more engaging work; and it is these simple and subtle compositions—simple in design but infinitely subtle in expression—which provoke that strange, reassuring emotion which we feel only when some master makes it clear beyond question that art does matter.

Neither Bonnard nor Vuillard, though properly described as Post-Impressionists—that is precisely what they are—quite belongs to the movement with which in this essay I am mainly concerned: the movement which began with the Fauves and may, or may not, have ended in Surrealism; a movement which there is some justification for calling—what justification I shall try to explain later—abstract. Bonnard and Vuillard belong, in so far as they belong to anything less than the French tradition, to the circle of Maurice Denis. That circle, or group, is, from the historian's point of view, a bridge between those rebellious impressionists—Seurat, Gauguin, Van Gogh—who destroyed Impressionism, and the modern movement. It is a melting-pot of the ideas and tendencies, in full bubble about the year 1900, from which that movement emerged. Denis (his *Théories* must be read by anyone who hopes to understand what was happening to French painting about the turn of the century), with his acute intellect and gift of exposition, was the centre and apostle of a group which can claim as members Denis himself, Bonnard, Vuillard, Roussel, Émile Bernard, Serusier, Anquetin, and the painter-tapiser, Maillol. Also there are at the Petit Palais small paintings and cartoons by Maillol which throw unexpected light on the development of the artist himself and of the movement. Picasso assures me that when first he came to Paris, about 1901, Maillol, who would then have been forty, was doing little else: he even pointed out a wooden figure of considerable beauty, made about this time, which he believes to be the first piece of sculpture the master ever exhibited. These paintings and tapestries have great charm, and something more than charm; but the point I wish to make is that they reveal frankly the influences easily to be discovered in the contemporary work of other members of the group. These influences are Cézanne, Gauguin, Puvis, Odilon Redon, the English Pre-Rafaelites and the Symbolist poets; and they came, I believe, into the work of the younger men at all events, not so much directly as through the ministration of Denis. If this be so, the importance of Maurice Denis in the history of modern art becomes obvious.

Maurice Denis, like all painters who have general ideas and can express them in words, aroused excessive enthusiasm amongst his contemporaries. That he has not fulfilled their hopes is certain; but it is less clear that the consequent contempt into which he has fallen is not excessive also. Admittedly he has sunk into that woolliness into which sinks almost always the work of intellectual painters who try to say in paint what can only be said in words. He has tried to recapture the spirit of an earlier, and perhaps more gracious, civilisation, instead of trying to recreate it. His later pictures lack guts. His earliest, however, often express sharply and intelligently delicate and complex states of feeling; while a work so ambitious as his Florentine decoration, painted in 1912, that is to say in middle age, fragmentary though it be, seems to me an achievement which no professed amateur of modern painting should care to have overlooked. For the rest, if Denis is to be reckoned the animator of Bonnard,

Vuillard and Maillol, his seniors all, clearly his is one of the most important influences of our time. I wish some energetic person would organise a Maurice Denis exhibition; to be followed by a show of Roussel's works—another painter proved by the Petit Palais exhibition to have been underrated.

Bonnard and Vuillard have gone their ways. Whatever they may be called, Post-Impressionists, Intimists or what not assuredly they are not Symbolists, which, I suspect, is what Denis at heart remains. Maillol has gone his way, too, and is become without contest our greatest living sculptor. Of the grandeur of his work, admirably displayed at the Petit Palais, I need not speak. But it is to be noted that he has founded a school which stands for what is best in modern sculpture. Dobson is his descendant and Gimond, and so, indirectly, is Henry Moore and that Austrian of splendid and half-fulfilled promise, Lehmbruck.

Inspired by Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Denis, abstract art took possession of Paris somewhere about 1904, the Fauves in the van, and at the head of the Fauves, Matisse, Derain and Friesz. Fauvism was a movement towards abstraction, a normal reaction from the detailed and sensational* art of the impressionists. At the time many people supposed, and a few seem still to suppose, that such a thing had never been heard of before; whereas, in fact, abstraction is always at hand and at the service of artists suffering from a surfeit of detail. It was necessary to go back only a hundred years, to David and his school, to see abstraction in office: observe that Davidian abstraction was a reaction from the trivial and disorderly side of the later eighteenth century, and that the picturesque painting of the Romantics was a reaction, in its turn, from Davidian dryness. Only the Davidians used abstraction—the evacuation (in the correct sense of that vilely abused word) of natural forms to the point at which they acquire symbolic significance—for purposes of declamation and edification rather than for purposes of expression or ornament. That the Fauves used abstraction, and that they used it for these latter purposes, can be seen by anyone who will compare Matisse's brilliant, realistic and detailed picture, *La Desserte*, painted in 1897, with the violently simplified version of the same which he gave some ten years later, or who cares to study three renderings in plaster by the same artist of a single figure, the first of which is almost realistic and the last as abstract as a *tête-de-nègre* by Picasso. The ignorance of the public led to misunderstanding at the time, and I fear that misunderstanding may arise again, and soon, from similar causes. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century the cultivated public cared little about painting and knew nothing. In the twentieth a happy change has come to pass; so that now there are few highly educated men and women who do not take a more or less intelligent interest in modern art. Unfortunately, a great many of these excellent people seem to believe, at any rate talk and act as though they believed, that painting began with Delacroix, if not with Cézanne. Such men and women are dangerous. For when they see a work of art which does not belong to the period they know, or does not somehow or other remind them of it, they fail to understand and incontinently condemn. Thirty years ago I was one of a small committee which founded the Contemporary Art Society; I should like now to found a society for the study of old masters. Members would bind themselves for two years to be sparing in their visits to exhibitions and collections of modern painting, or, at any rate, assiduous in attendance at the National Gallery, the Louvre and the Uffizi. By the end of two years a few should have acquired a sense of proportion which would help them to see contemporary art in true relation to European since the thirteenth century, and a sense of quality as well. Armed with these, they would be able to discriminate between the genuine and fraudulent in contemporary output; what is more, when the next original genius asserts himself, producing masterpieces which superficially will be quite unlike anything uninstructed contemporary taste is wont to admire, they may avoid the errors of their grandfathers who abused the impressionists and their fathers who derided Matisse. Of the pleasure accruing by the way I say nothing.

The pictures that Matisse painted in his Fauve period are bewilderingly beautiful and better shown, both at the Petit Palais and the Jeu de Paume, than any others. But there are two pictures at the former (*Les Deux Soeurs* and *L'Atelier*) and at the latter three, which show us another Matisse, in my opinion more remarkable still. It is the Matisse of 1915–16–17, and it is a Matisse we have not seen since. What happened? Cubism, I suppose. For though Cubism never made a Cubist of the master, it must about this time have occupied his thoughts. It pushed him farther in the direction of complete abstraction, and encouraged him to make still greater sacrifices in the interests of construction. I will content myself with one example: *La Leçon de Musique*, in the collection of Madame Paul Guillaume, as fine a picture as this fine artist ever painted. Observe how he has obliterated deliberately the pianist's right eye with a large and shapely wedge of paint. Now make the experiment of blotting out that wedge: the whole composition crumbles. Such are the mysteries and magic of the masters. How precisely Matisse came to realise that here was the keystone of the composition, that the eye would not do and that the wedge of lighter paint would; by what sort of intuition he came to discover precisely what was possible and what was necessary, are questions best left unasked. Better to stand and gaze. And when you have gazed your fill turn to either of its companions, *Les Marocains* or *La Véranda;* for they are not only companions but equals. To the best of my knowledge neither Matisse nor anyone else has attempted to continue in this strain. It is the moment of perfect harmony when the master used his marvellous gift for creating lyrical and expressive colour to organise a tangle of generous forms and bind them together indissolubly. But Matisse has not said his last word, as the picture, a reproduction of which serves as poster to the Petit Palais exhibition, magnificently proves.

CLIVE BELL

* Need I say that I am using the word "sensational" in the sense given to it by Fromentin? Sensational art in that sense is art concerned with rendering the sensations of the artist rather than his ideas.

AIR RAID

WAR has its good side. It develops, we are told—and it happens to be true—such qualities as endurance, courage, resource. It shakes people out of their humdrum existences and gives them a zest for living. Food tastes better when you might so easily not have been alive to eat it. Then there is the feeling of comradeship which springs up when people are working together at some dangerous occupation. "Love one another"—even the enemy—is a precept more often obeyed on the battlefield than anywhere else.

Lastly there is the thrill of it. Adventure spiced with danger is a dish so easily made up in war. In times of peace there is not enough to go round.

The three Italian airmen, looking down at the white blister of Valencia set on the brown palm of visible land, certainly felt this thrill. They had flown down the coast unnoticed in the morning mists. No intercepting chasers had risen before them, no anti-aircraft shells had made the air bumpy and difficult. They had held straight on their planned course, and in thirty seconds would be over the objective. The squadron leader dived, they followed. Release the bombs. Like silver fish streaking into the depths they fell towards the port. Ferrari had banked round and was beginning to climb, so that it was impossible to obtain a clear view of the results. But at least one column of smoke springing up from below indicated that something big had been hit.

Over to the right anti-aircraft guns were at last putting up a barrage. There was no reaching the centre of the town, unless the second squadron was already there. So out to sea as quickly as possible and home. . . . But Ferrari had gone mad. Having gained height he was turning her nose over

in a dive. Rossi, fondling his machine-gun, had already understood.

Three hundred feet. People were scuttling like rabbits along the street. You could sense their panic at the explosions, then the sirens, and now the noise of the engine roaring down almost on to their heads. Rossi let fly with his gun. Ferrari, judging height to a foot, flattened out almost on the roof of a house. They rose and were away. It was all over in a moment, but what a moment!

* * *

We had our thrill too, though it was of a slightly different kind. We were just finishing a leisurely breakfast when the sirens began to blow. A siren is like a hen cackling, all noise and no purpose. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," it says. "Get under cover. Do something quickly or it may be too late." Their impatient voices were punctuated by the banging of the anti-aircraft guns, but the sirens were stronger. "Hurry up. You have been warned. Do something about it."

What is there to be done but remain in the dining-room and observe the conduct of other people? There is an atmosphere of excitement, but of panic practically none. One woman is talking at too high a pitch. Ultimately, perhaps, she will scream. Another, stout, motherly, supports herself against a table. She breathes very hard, as though she had been running: the true causes are fear and a weak heart.

These exceptions one only observes gradually. Nearly everyone is at the windows, interest focused on the street. People are running across it, scurrying to the shelter of doorways. A crowd has collected beneath the awning of the café opposite. One hundred and fifty yards down the street and round the corner is a brand-new *Refugio*. It is a low concrete structure with a door like a bank-vault. No one at all seems to be making towards it. They just stand against walls or in entrance-ways and look upwards. They are probably right not to worry. It is a safe guess that the bombs have already been dropped.

Everyone begins to point. There they go. Five planes in V-formation flying at a fair height. As they pass from the cloudy grey sky into a patch of blue, a cluster of little white puffs pursues them. The anti-aircraft barrage which keeps us all safe.

The firing ceases. We go out into the middle of the street, now crowded. We stand about in groups and discuss the event. Again someone points upwards. Over the west of the town another flight of four, or perhaps five planes, is seen. Hands are clapped in applause. "Those are ours! The *chatos*!" The applause is mistaken, for they prove after to have been Fascist chasers escorting the bombers. It does not matter. Here come the true, the genuine *chatos* banking at great speed over the town. They leave a faint line of exhaust smoke behind them as they sweep on their individual ways.

A fresh barrage breaks out, but the streets and the plaza remain as thronged as Piccadilly at midnight. A second formation of bombers—or perhaps the first that has returned—is visible for a moment flying south-east. The correspondents of most of the French and English papers and news agencies in Valencia are grouped together watching the sky.

"If a bomb falls here," says someone, "who is going to send the news?"

But the raiders are well away. The barrage dies, leaving the sky still marked with little floating white clouds. The thrill is over. What now remains is to assess the damage.

* * *

News presently comes that the bombs have all fallen in streets near the docks. It is at first hard to get down there. The few horse-cabs of Valencia are not on their rank, and there is some hitch in the tram service. But at last we arrive. Broken glass on the pavements and the iron shutters of shops blown outwards by the shock of explosion mark the outskirts of the damaged area. A Fire Brigade motor-coach points the way to its heart.

The whole ground-floor of this house has been burnt out. Firemen are still hosing the smouldering débris. "No one was hurt here," they say. "They all got out in time." We go down a street, wondering at the inconclusive effects of bombing—a café with one wall destroyed, while against the opposite wall stands the bar with its bottles and glasses intact—until we reach a huge pile of masonry. The whole mass of bricks, stone, tiles and plaster that constituted a four-storey tenement has been reduced to a heap of rubble fifteen feet high. A line of men are passing stones chain-wise. The work of clearing will take hours, and there are people buried under all this.

Every street shows similar scenes. Seventy houses in all have been totally or partially wrecked. Before each is gathered a little crowd of rescuers, guards and relatives. Here a well-dressed girl who has just arrived by tram is met by a man at a street-corner. He says something to her which causes her to burst into tears. Then side by side they hurry down the pavement. Outside this house a woman sits on a chair. She looks dazedly at the broken roof, while a small group of neighbours stand mutely round her.

We see only one ambulance. The first victims have been taken away. The others will gradually be found as the ruins are cleared.

* * *

A hospital. The odour of disinfectants and anaesthetics is very strong, the sound—a subdued medley of weeping and moans—strangely unreal. Red sheets. Chloroform and morphia. "For God's sake get the relatives out of the way." Faces which it is essential to forget.

A mortuary. Absolute quiet. This man, though carefully laid together, is really in four parts. The head and body were split diagonally by machine-gun bullets as he was running down the street. All these children must have been killed instantaneously. The head-wounds, which have blotted out or broken eye, nose, or mouth, point to a swift and painless death. These two sacks, by their size, would also contain children. On top of one of them is laid a cleanly severed foot.

Yes, it's a grand game, war—except for those who through age, infirmity, or other sorts of natural disability are debarred from playing it actively. Even they, however, can do something. They can begin by trying to scotch this futile cant about civilisation. They can stamp out this hypocritical fuss about education, this talk of improving social conditions, this humbug of culture and art. Then they will be free to devote all their energies to constructing steel and concrete shelters thirty feet thick—for until that is done there is no other task that matters.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

HAMPSTEAD AUTUMN

In the fat autumn evening street
Hands from my childhood stretch out
And ring muffin bells. The Hampstead
Incandescence burns behind windows
With talk and gold warmth.
Those brothers who we were lie wrapped in flannel,
And how like a vase looks my time then
Rounded with meals laid on by servants
With reading alone in a high room and looking on
The pleasures of the spoiled pets in the garden—
A vase now broken into fragments,
Little walks which quickly reach their ends,
The islands in the traffic. To questions—I know not what—
Answers hurry back from the world
But now I reject them all.
I assemble an evening with space
Pinned above the four walls of the garden,
A glowing smell of being under canvas,
The sunset tall above the chimneys,
From behind the smoke-screen of shining leaves
A piano cutting out its images
Continuous and fragile as china.

STEPHEN SPENDER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Stage Door," at the Regal

Katharine, Ginger and Adolphe in conjunction; what says the almanac to that? It was difficult to forecast the plot that should contain three players of styles so divergent; but Pandro S. Bennan, the director, has succeeded in fitting them nicely into a back-stage story based on a play by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. The scene is a New York theatrical boarding-house full of stage aspirants, young, strenuous, exclusively female, and immensely noisy. Even the hard-worked servant has aspirations (vocal), and cannot answer the telephone without plunging into Clara Cluck coloratura. Naturally, there is an armchair in which Sarah Bernhardt once sat, and, in the person of Miss Constance Collier, a conventional but amusing representative of the old brigade. It all makes, for those whose ears can stand the racket and detect the wit that crackles underneath it, a lively setting for Miss Hepburn and Miss Rogers. The latter is certainly the rose within this budding grove; she looks lovely, and that her thorns are the real thing Miss Hepburn soon discovers when, a society girl out to make a name on the stage, she has to share a bedroom with that formidable blonde. Their sparring is delightful, the classy Katharine more than holding her highbrow own in an atmosphere of yo-de-o-do. She, too, looks a dream—with her hat on; but cannot someone persuade her to dock or at least tame that arty mane which cascades about her head, back, sides *and* front? Mr. Menjou, an easy-going impresario with one eye on the stage and another on the bedroom, makes his points with the ease of Inman negotiating a tricky cannon. What is more, he is butlered by Franklin Pangborn, who adds to an already impressive list one more display of egg-like and agile servility. The fun is tempered by the addition of a very nice and very badly treated girl, charmingly played by Andrea Leeds; it is she who supplies the tears at the end; and, difficult though it is to believe that news of her suicide can suddenly transform an incompetent beginner (Miss Hepburn) into a fine emotional actress, we have only to believe it to enjoy a real good cry. A film critic soon gets accustomed to believing as many as ten impossible things before lunch.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Old Vic

This is the most amusing *Dream* you could hope to see, thanks to Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and his cast; and the prettiest, thanks to Mr. Oliver Messel. Also we are treated to rather more than we usually get of the ravishing Mendelssohn music. But a society will have to be formed for reminding producers that Shakespeare was, first and foremost, a poet. At the last Old Vic show hardly a single verse emerged entire—the stage was littered with bloody fragments. This time quite a lot of the lines are treated as poetry. Mr. Helpmann, seconded from the Sadler's Wells ballet, speaks surprisingly well, and Miss Vivien Leigh—the loveliest of imaginable Titanias—obviously tries, if not quite successfully, to speak the verse as verse. But Puck, delightful in appearance, is too small to be audible, and Theseus might be delivering the golden lines of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. (From the third row of the stalls we could not hear "The best sort in this kind are but shadows".) Yet Theseus is played by Mr. Gyles Isham, who knows perfectly well how to speak Shakespeare. One can only conclude that he throws his lines away by order. And Hippolyta talked about Hercules and Cadmus as if they were fellow-followers of the Pytchley. We wish Mr. Guthrie would tell us what possible advantage there is in the sacrifice of so much beauty. Must the mortals be prosaic to make the fairies more poetical? Apart from this grave unnecessary blemish, the show was altogether enchanting. All the mechanics were excellent, and Mr. Ralph Richardson's Bottom was a fair treat. Miss Agnes Lauchlan as Helena, Miss Alexis France as Hermia, Mr. Anthony Quayle as Demetrius, and Mr. Stephen Murray as Lysander made the imbroglio enormously amusing. Mr. Messel's decor is the finest he has yet achieved. Peaseblossom, Cobweb and company ought to look like boys, and it is very important that the moon should not still be shining in the daylight of the Fourth Act. Otherwise the pleasure to the eye is continuous.

The wood is convincingly romantic, the palace is worthy of the Bibienas, and Quince's house is equally delightful. The finale, with fairies flying with lighted tapers, is triumphant. Altogether this is the prettiest as well as the most amusing of Christmas entertainments.

The "News Chronicle" Schools Exhibition at Dorland Hall

The object of this exhibition is to show what is being done, and still more what could be done, to make the educational "plant" more effective. The panels in the entrance-hall, designed by Mr. McKnight Kauffer, are extremely inviting. So is the adjoining gymnasium; and quickly you come on the most interesting feature—the winning designs in the *News Chronicle* competition for the architecture of new schools. These are excellent, and form a significant contrast to the gloomy buildings put up in consequence of the Act. But whether it is economically advisable to use plaster instead of plain brick in this climate seems very uncertain. Everything required for schools, from sandwich-slicers to wash-basins, is exhibited, and the London Zoo has lent a charming collection of pets. Paul and Marjorie Abbatt show not only their toys—the most delightful now being made—but some admirable books for children. Otherwise the book-section is regrettably weak. The handicrafts and art-sections are also disappointing, except for some excellent sculpture from Blundell's and some modern lithographs. The photographs of foreign schools are interesting, especially those of Swiss schools. The exhibition ought to make clear the need for re-equipping the vast majority of English schools of every type.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, January 2nd—
J. P. Gilmour on "The Old Year and the New," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, January 3rd—
Opening of Exhibition of European Art of the Seventeenth Century, Burlington House.
"News Chronicle" Schools Exhibition, Dorland Hall. Till Jan. 12th.

TUESDAY, January 4th—
Julian Huxley on "Rare Animals and the Disappearance of Wild Life," Royal Institution, 3. And on 6th and 8th.

WEDNESDAY, January 5th—
Dora Russell on "The Failure of Intellectuals," Conway Hall, 8.

FRIDAY, January 7th—
Conference on the Preparation for Teaching, High Leigh, Hoddesdon. Till 9th. Particulars from F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT doesn't do for a critic to have any prejudices, and the silliest kind of prejudice is that aroused by the title of a book, its shape and size, and what the publisher tells one about the author. Two nights before Christmas a friend handed me *Now I'm Sixteen*, by Douglas Pope (Dent, 8*s.* 6*d.*), which I had not looked at when it was published three months ago because I disliked the title, and because the advertising matter sent out by the publisher misled me. It is hard to be fair to a book written by a boy; the easy thing is to murmur: "a precocious kid. They'll soon be writing in their cradles." To which the answer is that you can't start writing too soon, if you write as well as Douglas Pope, and that his autobiography is far more interesting than many written by men with a thousand times his experience and knowledge of the world. This is simply because he is a born writer, which means that he is the opposite of a bore. His father worked at one time on that odd little railway which runs through a corner of Kent near Tenterden and Appledore, the rolling stock of which consists of a coach with the engine of a Ford car at each end. The Popes were poor and lived in a rural slum, and the boy's life was divided between playing Cowboys and Indians with the street gang, and going to the elementary school. At the right seasons of the year there was hopping and wooding. He built a cabin with the ends of old bedsteads and bits of sacking. He went in for a scholarship and came out top, was bullied at the grammar school, and sang in the choir, picking up a love of classical music, just as he rapidly picked up the ability to talk and write English correctly. Everything he describes is vivid and interesting. I haven't finished the book—for instead of borrowing it I rushed off to buy—but the bookshop hadn't got it in stock. So I can't speak of the last hundred pages. But, whatever Douglas Pope does in the future, he has written a book which is far better than many books by men who spend their lives writing. It seems a pity that he shouldn't be going to a University, or seeing a bit more of the world.

* * *

It isn't fair to turn from *Now I'm Sixteen* to *Men, Women and Things*, by the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O. (Faber, 25*s.*), but it just so happened that after reading the one I had to read the other. The Duke of Portland will be eighty by the time these lines appear in print; he has had every advantage that birth, education, immense wealth can give. He played an important part in late Victorian and Edwardian Society, and has known hundreds of the most famous men and attractive women whose photographs do much to enhance the interest of his memories. It isn't fair to compare eighty with sixteen, any more than it is fair to the speaker at a public dinner to sit near the window and listen to a blackbird in the tree outside. The only thing to do is to shut the window firmly and to attend to the distinguished speaker, who tells so many good anecdotes, and exhibits such a delightful modesty and good sense. Here, for example, is a misadventure to which only members of the peerage are exposed:

> While my wife was dressing for dinner, I went into her room and threw myself into an armchair. Both she and her maid gave a scream—and so did I, for I had sat down upon the very sharp points of her diamond tiara. Naturally the tiara was broken to bits, while the lower part of my poor person resembled the diamond mines of Golconda, so full was it of precious stones! But nobody, alas, seemed a bit sorry for me.

The Duke was unluckier than the gentleman who, he tells us, sat down heavily on his hostess's lap-dog, killing it outright. He crammed it hurriedly into his tail-coat pocket, and helped its mistress in the hunt for Fido, and disposed of the corpse in an area on the way home. This story might well be entitled *The advantages of wearing a frock-coat*. The Duke has a most extraordinary story about the death of another pet dog:

> Randolph Churchill unfortunately killed a pet dachshund belonging to one of his near relations. Of course the fair owner was very much distressed at the sad end of her pet; and Randolph, by way of appropriate consolation, had his little victim stuffed and put into a glass case, which he sent to his relative as a Christmas present. I am afraid the result was not very successful, for when the lady saw it she burst into a flood of tears. No doubt she felt it was adding insult to injury, though I am sure poor Randolph had none but the kindest intentions.

The story sounds more like a schoolboy than a grown-up man; the odd thing is how many anecdotes of Victorian and Edwardian society have the same flavour of immaturity. The Duke has a delightful sense of humour and the rambling profusely illustrated pages of his memories are like an album stored with specimens of a vanished fauna and flora.

* * *

The present Duke succeeded to the title in 1879. His predecessor, the fifth Duke, was a distant cousin, and the shy recluse who constructed vast underground rooms and passages at Welbeck and whose eccentricities were brought forward as evidence in the fantastic Druce case. Shortly after his death, the young heir went down to Welbeck with his stepmother and his brothers and sisters, one of whom, Lady Ottoline Morrell, has described this journey. Her account is here included. Nothing more romantically fantastic can be imagined; it is a page from Beckford. On their arrival they discovered that the former Duke had rendered Welbeck Abbey uninhabitable: the furniture had been stored away; the rooms were empty; and the hundreds of pictures, taken out of their frames, were stacked in the riding school. The approaches to the house were a chaos of unfinished excavations. Boxes which had not been opened for a generation proved to contain priceless Gobelin tapestries, coronation robes, packed up after George I had been crowned, or a purse in which Lady Ottoline found £2,000 in notes. Perhaps it was as a reaction against this environment that the young Duke determined to make commonsense his guiding light in life. It was sensible of him to decline the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland at the age of thirty-two, and to preferring to retain the congenial Court appointment of Master of the Horse. His stories of Court life are entertaining, for, though pursuing the golden mean himself in almost everything except shooting pheasants, the Duke is obviously attracted by eccentricity in his friends. The Court officials included Lord Lathom, who possessed such a magnificent beard that he parted it and tied it round the back of his neck when he went out shooting. "I have never seen this done by anyone else," says the Duke, who adds that he refrained from quoting Lear's Limerick about the old man with a beard in Lord Lathom's presence! Then there was Lord Crewe, who caused a scandal by wearing Red-hot Poker flowers in his button-hole, and Lord Colville, who wore a mysterious gold ball on his watch-chain.

> My wife was very curious as to what it contained. . . . At last, after much teasing, he opened it—and she saw a beautiful blue eye! "I lost one of my eyes in a shooting accident," he told her, "and this is a spare one I use when the one I am wearing grows hot and uncomfortable."

The Duke was responsible for the horses, carriages, and harness used in the great processions of State, such as the Diamond Jubilee, in which he was, of course, a leading figure. It was during the Jubilee that he observed the extreme vanity of the horse he was riding which "seemed terribly pleased directly he caught sight of himself in the large plate-glass windows of the shops and walked with, if possible, extra swagger." On Queen Victoria's opening Parliament in person, the Duke carried the Crown. Before the ceremony Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane handed the Cap of Maintenance to Lord Winchester, saying, "And here is your bauble, my Lord." Lord Winchester became extremely angry and abusive, ending with: "My family sets great store by the privilege of carrying it and I will not have it called a bauble." Sir Spencer whispered: "What an old ruffian!" and it was explained to the Duke that the lesser objects in the regalia are correctly known as "the baubles of the Crown." This use is not in the O.E.D. I wonder if Cromwell knew it. *Men, Women and Things* is a book to dip into, but its sumptuosity is a bit overpowering. DAVID GARNETT

BY ONY AND TEME AND CAM

A. E. H. Some Poems, Some Letters, and a Personal Memoir by his brother Laurence Housman. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Many people chide Mr. Laurence Housman for the freedom with which he has interpreted his brother's instructions regarding his literary remains; and it is likely that the poet himself would be horrified at the publication of these latest (positively last) poems. Among them there are none (in *More Poems* there were a few) which one would wish to put into one's private Housman anthology. The weaker pieces in both books have had the effect of focusing attention on flaws in the two older volumes. Since the world was already beginning to see them (and the connoisseurs to see nothing else) that is no great matter; uncritical adulation had gone too far. His small production, together with the excellence of his best work, led people to suppose, and to claim, that his poems were all of equal value; it is a good thing that they should be shaken into a more critical attitude. Rigid though his standards were, they could with advantage have been more rigid still. Nothing short of perfect taste and tact could save his poetry from the pit of sentiment that always yawned beside it, and at times his tact was less than perfect. To speak only of details (poetry, like music, is largely a question of details), there are mannerisms which so severe a self-critic should surely have perceived. The constant inversion of noun and pronoun is one; "And England over Advanced the lofty shade" instances its happy use, but it palls. There is too much of the exclamation "Oh," of certain colloquial phrases ("sure enough," "like enough"), and of the repetitive pronoun in apposition to the noun ("The skies, they are not always raining"). As a rule, however, his choice of word and phrase was cunning in the extreme; it had to be. The classical influence of which we used to hear so much appears in his diction only occasionally ("the wood's in trouble" is Horace's *querceta Gargani laborant*); more often in the structure of his verses, which has at moments an Ovidian lightness and balance:

> The boys are up the woods with day
> To fetch the daffodils away,
> And home at evening from the hills
> They bring no dearth of daffodils.

But he was surprised, we learn from his brother's Memoir, when critics spoke of his poetry as "classical." The chief sources of which he was conscious were Shakespeare's songs, the Scottish Border ballads, and Heine.

The new poems here printed are supplemented by a number of nonsense rhymes and parodies, most of them painfully unfunny in cold print. They give the book an air of being padded out; an impression heightened by the addition of the poet's horoscope, from which we learn among other things that he was "pretty certain to benefit by legacy" and would "gain financially through partnership with others or through marriage." *Credat Judaeus Apella.* The space saved by the omission of these fal-lals would have been better filled by a fuller selection of his delightfully witty letters; there must be many available besides the slender family correspondence given us here. The Memoir itself, though brief, is of great interest. Together with the sketches of Housman published by Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. A. S. F. Gow, it tells us all we are likely to learn about a figure whom the world shows some disposition to turn into a mystery. A full-length biography we are unlikely to get, and if we do it can only be built on these foundations; for there is no one alive who knew him intimately through the different periods into which his life was sharply divided: Oxford, culminating in the famous failure in Greats (1881); the uncongenial decade at the Patent Office which followed; the eighteen years of his professorship at University College, London; the last twenty-six years at Cambridge. Housman is perhaps a unique case of a true poet who produced no poetry in his twenties; they were certainly the most miserable part of his life. He was caught in the net of a triple disaster, such as might well have brought so sensitive a youth to the brink of suicide: academic disgrace, some not wholly explained financial trouble, and a passionate friendship that turned out ill.

> Because I liked you better
> Than suits a man to say,
> It irked you, and I promised
> To throw the thought away.
>
> To put the world between us
> We parted, stiff and dry;
> "Good-bye," said you, "forget me."
> "I will, no fear," said I.

Is it a coincidence that the greater part of *A Shropshire Lad* was written in the year, almost in the month, of the Wilde trial? Little though he had in common with the gay and flamboyant Oscar, the horror of that downfall cannot but have made a profound impression on him. People have often wondered at the constant association, in Housman's poetry, of passion and shame, at the surprising number of gallows and lovers' graves scattered over his imaginary Shropshire. Surprise is lessened if we suppose that from Wenlock Edge he could see as far as Reading Gaol.

I do not think it reasonable to make a great mystery out of his life, or to regard his virulent and exceedingly witty attacks on other scholars as a sort of "compensation" for his private unhappiness. That is the sort of psychological explanation which should be distrusted. It leaves out of account the ingrained and—as it seems to the outside world—insane passion for accuracy and truth which animates some men. Given that, all the rest follows: the scorn of careless work, even the joy in exposing it for what it is. People whose reading has never taken them near the pages of the *Journal of Philology* and the *Classical Review* might do worse than look at some of the specimens of Housman's critical judgments quoted in Mr. Gow's admirable sketch; they are not simply acid and ill-tempered, they combine wit, gusto and precision of language to a degree which makes them positively delightful to all except their victims. Perhaps his choice of the field in which his talent should be exercised requires comment. It is true that his elucidations and emendations covered a wide range; but he produced editions of three poets only, of whom Juvenal was not his choice, but Lucan and Manilius were. Why did he prefer these frigid poetasters to his beloved Propertius? Mr. Gow tells us that "he made no pretence of admiring them, wrote of the first that his vocabulary was as commonplace as his versification, and called the second a facile and frivolous poet, the brightest facet of whose genius was an eminent aptitude for doing sums in verse." It is difficult to suppress the feeling that he derived peculiar pleasure from the apparent uselessness of such minute and meticulous studies, because they represented for him pure scholarship, scholarship *in vacuo*, the sort of thing which the silly world would never understand, whilst only he knew the result to be worthy of dedication to his greatest friend.

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The letters to his brother Laurence contain much candid criticism of the latter's verses and a few generalisations about poetry full of the sort of common sense that is rare in aesthetic discussion :

> What makes many of your poems more obscure than they need be is that you do not put yourself in the reader's place and consider how, and at what stage, that man of sorrows is to find out what it is all about. You are behind the scenes and know all the data ; but he knows only what you tell him.

Would that contemporary poets would frame that and stand it upon their desks ! Some will think the tone of these letters too patronising ; mistakenly, in my view. True, claws show through the playfulness ; but it must be remembered that the Housman family had always respected above all things intellectual distinction ; and it soon became obvious which of the brothers was the more distinguished. It is greatly to Laurence's credit that jokes could be made on the subject with ease ; he understood clearly what a quaint spectacle he presented to his reticent brother, writing and publishing such shoals of stuff—playlets, novels, satires, fairy stories, goodness knows what, good, bad and indifferent. When they were bad, Alfred said so ; when they were good, he bestowed an elder-brotherly pat.

Something of the same playful condescension is to be seen in a most unexpected correspondence, towards the end of his life, with a persistent young American named Houston Martin. Mr. Martin made all the requests which might have been expected to enrage the old man ; would he write out poems in his own hand, would he say which he considered the best, would he send him a photograph ? Mr. Martin even sent Housman (with fortunate audacity) a photograph of himself. Somehow or other he contrived to slip past those formidable barriers ; he was so far away, he was so absurdly young. " Such infatuation as yours," wrote A. E. H., " is quite intimidating " ; and again, " You are an engaging madman and write more agreeably than many sane persons." Though the most striking, it was not the only indication that the years and his increasing fame had softened him. One night at Trinity, it is said, he became so mellow over the port that a young man plucked up his courage and asked him " just what it was that happened in Shropshire in 1895." Housman replied : " Shropshire ? I have never been there in my life." *Se non è vero . . .* ; but his last words to his doctor are authentic, and rank among the noble jests of the dying. The night before his death he was unusually demonstrative, and held his doctor's hand for nearly half an hour. " To cheer him up just before I left, I told him a thoroughly naughty story. He was very weak, but he threw his head back on the pillow laughing heartily. 'Yes, that's a good one,' he said, ' and to-morrow I shall be telling it again on the Golden Floor.' "

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

"LET'S HAVE A *NICE* REVOLUTION"

The Good Society. By WALTER LIPPMANN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Walter Lippmann was once a progressive : now he is one of the world's most expensive journalists. The lofty idealism of his articles in the *Herald-Tribune* is balm to the social conscience of American business-men. Fortified by his disinterested arguments they can redouble their attacks on Roosevelt, John L. Lewis and every other progressive force. In short, he is the prophet of reaction, an American, and therefore a brighter Burke.

The Good Society is a brilliant book, pungent and persuasive in a style which develops what can best be described as the Liberal philosophy of good intentions. This philosophy is a rationalisation of emotions shared by the educated classes of the Anglo-Saxon world. Brought up in the sheltered affluence of a prosperous capitalism, they have absorbed the ideals of J. S. Mill : faced by the internal and external failure of that capitalism to provide peace and prosperity they can no longer hope to see the millennium arrive by the natural forces of progress. Thus, their ideals having lost touch with the actual structure of society, they become spiritual revolutionaries seeking a way by which law-abiding men and women who know the value of human personality can set the world to rights without violating the personality of any member of society. They want a revolution to be sure, but a nice, law-abiding revolution which will hurt no one's feelings. The Oxford Groupers are the crudest expression of this philosophy. They believe that friction can be removed from industry and war from international relations by changing the hearts of the leaders : a God-controlled Labour Front is their ideal. Mr. Aldous Huxley is more subtle : he builds his faith on a delicate avoidance of all violent means and bids the oppressed to conquer their oppressors by passive resistance, just as John Wesley told them to seek salvation in the station to which they were divinely called. British Liberalism is ably represented by Professor Barker who advocates talk and yet more talk as the way to get things done : he should clearly be appointed Vice-Chairman of a permanent Non-Intervention committee. And now we have Mr. Walter Lippmann who sees the solution of America's problems in making constitutionalism the " normal idiom of our behaviour," i.e., accepting the *status quo* as law and order and working peacefully within it.

All these philosophers are so interested in ethics that they wash their hands of dirty work : if the work cannot be done without getting dirty, then it should not be done at all. And so our spiritual revolutionaries, having assured themselves that the world really is dirty, can stand aside with their hands in their pockets, purporting to apply the ideals of J. S. Mill in the modern world. But the universal respect for law and order and human personality which they preach can work wonders only in a *stable* social system. There it can ameliorate conditions, bring relief to the sufferings of the unprivileged, and, provided the country is rich, produce social reform. It can do all this, but one thing it cannot do. It cannot deprive the privileged of his privileges. Without some violation of his personality, you cannot cast down the mighty from his seat !

For this reason the philosophy of good intentions becomes positively pernicious in a country where social progress is impossible without the destruction of privilege. Against the Church and the landowners in Spain, against Mussolini and Hitler, against the industrialists in America, it can avail nothing. They are all charmed to have their personalities respected. Constitutionalism and Christian patience are virtues which they can comfortably permit to their subjects, and provided these negative virtues are extolled they are willing to adopt any positive programme you please. The spiritual revolutionary finds his ideals adopted cheerfully by the powers which he set out to denounce. Which accounts for the popularity of Mr. Walter Lippmann.

The Good Society is an attempt to reconstruct a Liberal philosophy equally opposed to Fascism, Communism and all other brands of irresponsible political power. Having shown that the early Liberals were concerned with the destruction of despotism, it argues that no state authority can plan the evolution of society without creating a new despotism : *ergo* all collectivism is wicked. This critical section of the book is brilliantly done. It might be labelled " the political consequence of Professor Robbins " and it can be studied with profit by any Socialist. But Mr. Lippmann, who is a practical journalist, must be aware of the effect it will produce. *He* may be objective, but the Republican Party is not, and will utilise his arguments both against Roosevelt and against the new Trade Unionism. " The defence of freedom " will in fact be ammunition for the defenders of the American *status quo*. The only justification therefore for this destructive criticism of collectivism would be a real positive alternative to Rooseveltism and for this we turn to the second half of the book.

Here in one chapter we find under the title of " The Agenda of Liberalism " the programme which Mr. Lippmann proposes for well-intentioned American men and women. It can be summarised as follows :—

1. Encourage the mobility of capital.
2. Prevent business becoming any bigger than it can in the test of the market (i.e., attack the Trusts).
3. Impose social controls to keep real savings and real investments equal (i.e., attack Wall Street).
4. Monetary management (i.e., attack the Banks).
5. Encourage and protect co-operative organisation of producers such as farmers and working men (This is the only mention of Trade Unions in the whole book.)
6. Taxation for indemnification of human suffering in the progress of industry (cost unspecified !).
7. Drastic redistribution of incomes.

This is a noble programme : indeed, it *is* the programme of the American progressives and radicals whom Mr. Lippmann has denounced in the first part of his book. Why, then, does he oppose Roosevelt ? Because he objects to the increase of centralised Federal Government, and maintains that the true Liberal will only use Liberal methods. Like Mr. Huxley, Professor Barker and the rest of our high-minded Liberals he wants to

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The rule of Law for the protection of natural rights—this is the splendid vision offered to the sharecropper, the negro and the striker! If a factory sweats its workers, government shall not intervene till the workers have got Judge and Co. on their side. For Judge and Co. are the incarnation of fair-play. Judge and Co. shall smash the trusts, the rackets and the big bosses, and put through the agenda of Liberalism.

Could any proposal be more fantastic? British Trade Unions fought the law for a hundred years and only obtained freedom by political action. Law and order defends the natural rights of those in possession: for the exploited they are opponents to be conquered by one power alone, the State. Mr. Lippmann's programme of "Radical Conservatism" can be summed up in two sentences; "I approve the ends of the radical, but I forbid him to use the only weapon with which he can achieve them. In the name of freedom, I adjure him to submit to the tyranny of the Law Courts and await from them the new dispensation." Here is "the philosophy of good intentions" with a vengeance. Dreaming of a Liberal heaven of equality and freedom, it attacks everyone who is working for its achievement. Fervid in its hatred of irresponsible power, it worships the law which is the bulwark of that power. Its high-sounding ethic, its noble invocation of liberty are linked with the support of those forces which are the chief obstacles in the way of liberty. Mr. Lippmann is not a stupid man. He knows that the Anglo-Saxon peoples have a weakness for ethic and an aversion from politics, that quietism and pacifism are natural to them, and that they are terrified of Bolshevism. In this book he has played with consummate skill on all these weaknesses and produced a pamphlet for which the Republican old guard will be extremely grateful.

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HANS ANDERSEN

It's Perfectly True, and Other Stories. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by PAUL LEYSSAC. Illustrated by VILHELM PEDERSEN. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

I have known a man so like Andersen, so exactly Andersen himself, that were the famous writer living to-day I should not cross the road to meet him. One has written the stories, the other not; that's the only difference between them. The portrait at the beginning of *It's Perfectly True* reminds me again of their identity. The Andersen I knew (that, of course, was not his name) had even that touch of vain foppishness, consorting oddly with a tomtit charm, which attracts children and amuses their elders. In his case there was little enough reason for vanity—he turned an organ-handle in a Camden Town street; and his flowery waistcoat hung in strips. Rain seemed to bring him out, for I do not remember ever seeing him on a fine afternoon. An arpeggio of water would sweep along the street, driving people under awnings and into doorways, and he would appear at the end of it walking lankily, gesticulating, with his head cocked, as though inside it there was a bell ringing. Then, choosing a place in the gutter, he would set up his apparatus: a hand organ on legs that let down, surmounted by a small stage. He turned the handle; the music squeaked, the puppets shivered. One week it would be a ballroom, draped, a palm-tree in the corner; huzzars and crinolined belles held the floor. The next week villagers round a maypole, or Hawaii seen by the cigar merchant. With what love he nodded over these broken figures, encouraging them, watching their convulsions, disentangling a pair of legs which had jumped a neck! From time to time he looked up to win his audience, children as ragged as himself, from going away. His eyes danced madly in time with the music, and when it seemed that this must go on for ever the music stopped; melancholy and a hint of a real madness came over his face. He remembered another appointment, extended his hat, packed his apparatus and strode off, leaving a group of children gazing at the air which he had recently filled. Poor man, he got few pennies, though no one passed him without standing to look.

Andersen himself—I return to the delicate half-smile of the frontispiece—had the final oddity of success, which he hugged with rapture and an alarmed vanity. The lips just part, as though for a whistle; the hands do not appear, but no doubt they were long and active, of the sort which make conversation stereoscopic. He is a man whom we see vividly in anecdotes. Theatrical as Dickens, chased through life by the panics of a Cowper, he enjoyed a transparent old age. The notice pinned on his counterpane, "I am only apparently dead," was meant seriously. During a visit—"Where is Andersen?" "Ssh, under the table." Such childlike figures (Chaplin is an instance in our own day) are not necessarily so simple as we assume. They show off; an overwhelming desire for sympathy forces them to give themselves away. With the primary colours of pathos and humour they create a fabulous world which at first seems akin to that of the child; seems only, for it is of course the product of far richer moods. I find it hard to describe Andersen, as one could a really simple writer such as Stevenson or Defoe, in a phrase: perhaps he is the youthful Peer Gynt with a touch of Papageno. He won't go into a nutshell. Nor, I feel, reading him again in *It's Perfectly True*, will his stories. His invention, despite a toy-like appearance, has deep roots. Prettiness does not prevent him from returning to the ruthlessness and clear pattern of the ballad—with which indeed the fairy-tale has much in common.

> About the dead hour of the night
> She heard the bridles ring.

That sort of poetry is often found in Andersen. The Victorians wrapped him up far too comfortably in their Sunday afternoon. Something of his jauntiness, his odd changes of voice (for of course these stories were written to be read aloud) has been restored by modern translation. A few years ago Dr. M. R. James published a selection which gave me my first real idea of Andersen. It was, perhaps, though colloquial, still too literary. Mr. Paul Leyssac seems the perfect translator. He is himself a Dane and an actor, and his versions have been tried before audiences in England and America. Some thirty of the stories, four of them new to me, appear in *It's Perfectly True;* the English is quick, lively and sensitive. The sportsmen in *The Ugly Duckling* have given up their "duck hunt" of Victorian days and now go shooting. The ducks themselves say "quack, quack," instead of "rap, rap."

G. W. STONIER

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Discovering Drama. By ELIZABETH DREW. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The Tragic Muse is a curious book. One wishes that Mr. E. M. Forster would hold it up to the light and talk about it in his fanciful revealing inimitable way. It is complicated and ambitious, and despite the author's tact and tone the double canvas, the combining of the House of Commons theme and the Comédie Française theme, sometimes betrays a seam, shows for mechanical and superficial. Robert Louis Stevenson was at a loss to conceive how James could find an interest in anything so vulgar or pretend to gather fruit in so scrubby an orchard. The editor of the *Atlantic* regretted that he would require no further novels for serial publication. "I remember well," says James, "the particular chill, at last, of the sense of my having launched it in a great grey void from which no echo or message whatever would come back."

This introduction may strike reader, editor and Miss Drew as unwarrantably irrelevant to the task in hand. By mere chance the reviewer happened upon the novel for the first time while profiting from Miss Drew's reflections and explanations. The juxtaposition of romantic creation and critical common sense is fruitful to anyone concerned with the mystery of plays and players. Miss Drew deals with the dramatist as artist and the dramatist as craftsman; with comedy, tragedy and poetry; with the Greeks, the Elizabethans and the Moderns. It is all there, from the *Supplices* to *Awake and Sing*; set down with lucidity and precision in two hundred and fifty pages. Such a feat compels our admiration. But Miss Drew's qualities have their defects. If she clears our minds of cant, she leaves us feeling somewhat swept and garnished. This is a useful book, a sensible book, an intelligent book. The authoress has a sense of humour and a passion for the theatre. If sometimes we are enjoying a comedy with her in the dress circle, at others we open our notebooks and attend, while the works of Granville-Barker, Sheppard, Bradley and Bradbrook lie open on the lecturer's desk. On the Greek and Elizabethan theatre she is summary; on poetry not very profound. On dramatic technique she is good, on comedy excellent. After all she is the author of a delightful play on the Carlyles. But the title is misleading. This is not discovery but elucidation. And we miss something. We miss perhaps the tragic muse herself; Miriam Rooth spouting the Lotus Eaters disastrously to Madame Carré or standing rapt beside Mademoiselle Voisin beneath Gérôme's cold portrait of the pale Rachel invested with the antique attributes of tragedy. We are always on one side of the footlights. We hanker after a glimpse of the *coulisses* and the rehearsal room. That, Miss Drew may justly retort, is outside her intention, beyond her scope. But plays and players are indissociable. Is this the reason why Miss Drew's comments on Shakespeare seem frequently high-handed, slap-dash and misdirected? She comprehends him with her wits more than she apprehends him with her sensibility. Be that as it may, anyone who has worked on the stage as producer or performer, however amateurishly, while agreeing that the theatre to-day is too arrogant in its attitude to literature, deprecating no less the modern emphasis on production rather than on content, yet must feel that a play in practice so abounds in surprises, suggests such liberties of interpretation, that it is then and then only that drama can be *discovered*, however brilliantly in study and *foyer* it may be explained.

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SOUTHERN AFRICA FROM WITHIN

Race Attitudes in South Africa: Historical, Experimental and Psychological Studies. By I. D. MACCRONE. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Night Over Africa. By FOSTER WINDRAM. With 16 plates. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Some may find it heartening that under cover of a scrupulously scientific approach the author of this book goes farther than any "negrophilist" in categorising the psychological attitude of the typical White South African. I hope myself that he sometimes goes too far in universalising the particular, for the conclusion is most lamentably depressing: "the social attitudes of the white group towards the native display those very features of aggression and repression, of segregation and isolation, of projection and phobia formation, which represent so many duplications of the defence mechanisms of the neurotic individual"; and the author sees or shows no hope of this "baleful influence" being "removed, reduced or modified."

To reach this end Dr. MacCrone is content to analyse in some detail the "attitude" of the Cape Dutch as it developed before the Great Trek. Though in the eighteenth century the Boers met chiefly Hottentots, and came very little in contact with the Bantu "Natives," he deliberately shies off "the extremely complicated interracial situation" which arose more particularly after 1830 from the contentions between Bantu, Boer and Briton. These are too dangerous for science to touch, being in fact "the politics of the present day"! In Part II he turns to the safer pastime of testing the reactions of university students at Johannesburg and elsewhere to questions suggested by his analysis of the eighteenth century. The questionnaires will interest professional psychologists; they beg enough questions to catch out any number of complexes. "Do you think the uncivilised person leads a more natural or freer life?" "Do you think sex plays a much greater part in uncivilised than in civilised lives?" "Who do you think commit more serious crimes—white men or black—Why do you think so?"

The answers are carefully assessed and demonstrate to the author's satisfaction not only that the eighteenth century attitude persists among Afrikaans-speaking students, but that it is shared, if to a lesser extent, by the English-speaking group, and even by Jews brought up in this atmosphere. The neuroses which hold the present day are traced to the old frontier struggle of the group. In his defensive struggle the frontier farmer was "literally forced" (p. 128) to fence himself with "attitudes," social, religious, racial and political, which left no place for any possible rivals. The privileges and status proper to the original seventeenth-century "Christian" have become those of the twentieth-century defenders of "white" civilisation; and criticism from without merely strengthens the solidarity of the group. The existence of race-prejudice in South Africa hardly needed such elaborate proof, but at least the book is from within and it may be that the solidarity of the individual with the group is more likely to be shaken by such cold science.

Another insider, Mr. Foster Windram, shows the presence, and

some of the effects, of a similar "attitude" in Southern Rhodesia. The story of his own conversion to a "liberal" view is more cheerful evidence that the disease is not incurable, that the individual may sometimes overcome the mass neurosis of the group. His slight but very readable sketch of Rhodesian history includes a useful "debunking" of the story of the Zimbabwe ruins. The vitality, in face of the evidence, of theories attributing this early work to Phoenicians or the like, arises from the reluctance of so many Europeans to admit the possibility that the recent ancestors of present-day "niggers" could have had a hand in anything so civilised. The old colonial in Mr. Windram makes him sufficiently critical of Imperial administration, but the persistence of this prejudice only makes his account of his own Southern Rhodesia the more impressive. So little is known or written about this self-governing unit of the Empire that this contribution deserves notice.

W. M. MACMILLAN

CASH AND COUNTERS

Science and Common Sense. By W. R. THOMPSON. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Perspectives in Biochemistry. JOSEPH NEEDHAM and DAVID E. GREEN. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

The subtitle of *Science and Common Sense* is "An Aristotelian Excursion"; some idea of the barren and unrepaying country into which this Thomist tour will carry the excursionist may be given by a quotation from a passage in which Dr. Thompson claims Theology as the senior science.

> Accuracy and certainty are the essential characteristics of science, and unpalatable as the fact may be, it seems necessary to admit that accuracy and certainty diminish as we pass from the immaterial to the material.

Throughout the book the tenets of science receive the rough handling suffered by "unpalatable" and "fact" in this remark; just as they used to mean "unswallowable" and "assertion" so the views of scientists are given shapes that their own mothers wouldn't know. "For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools," said Thomas Hobbes. It is a pleasure to turn from this very petty cash to counters.

Perspectives in Biochemistry is a compilation of thirty-one essays by past and present students of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins to be presented to him on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Written by distinguished workers in this field for their teacher the majority of the essays are somewhat forbidding; the minority however is not a small one and its content is of very great interest. The articles on the biochemical aspect of nutrition, medicine and mental disorder are of immediate value from the practical point of view, but one entitled "The meaninglessness of the terms 'life' and 'living'" by N. W. Pirie has a broader importance. In brief the virus is so close to being a chemical that the existing definitions of the words become worthless. In exact practice it is impossible to distinguish between living and non-living. Putting aside the counter marked "living" entails the abandonment of a barrier between ourselves and matter. This at once flings one out into space to grapple with the concept of something without a beginning. As we are born to die this is a repellent idea. Before it human courage seems to ebb away, and it is destructive to myth and compromise. This is Dr. Thompson's point: "The destruction of Philosophy entails the dehumanisation of science, and the dehumanisation of science means, at the last, the dehumanisation of man." He claims that our society cannot face the facts and keep its sanity, it must lean on the Catholic myth and wrap itself in the warm woolly garment woven by Aquinas and the fathers to keep out the chill wind of death. The choice is between words and facts, between infantilism and adult responsibility.

ANTHONY WEST

SERMON FOR SCOTSMEN

The Scotland of Our Sons. By ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE. *Maclehose.* 5s.

Mr. Maclehose means so well, and the cause for which he pleads is so near to my heart, that I wish I did not feel that for Scotland the road to heaven needs paving with more substantial stuff than his slightly sentimental good intentions. In his arraignment of England's studied neglect of Scotland's economic welfare he is on sure ground. The dwindling population of the glens, the vicious concentration of over 50 per cent. of the inhabitants of Scotland in a handful of large towns, an infant mortality rate half as high again as that of England, a proportion of houses unfit for human habitation six times as great as that south of the Border—all these damning facts he marshals. To any readers who still believe that Whitehall deals fairly with Scotland I commend Mr. Maclehose's account of the refusal of the Government, in the interests of the English trawling companies, to enforce the provisions of the Act creating a 13-mile limit in Scottish waters, for lack of which inshore fishing has been ruined.

In two chapters included in this book, Sir John Orr, of the Rowett Research Institute at Aberdeen, indicates a number of the lines on which economic reconstruction in the Scottish countryside might proceed—improved rural housing, the combination of collective, mechanised farms with crofters' holdings, the encouragement of store cattle production, the establishment of fish-canneries, and the small-scale utilisation of water-power. These and similar sound suggestions Mr. Maclehose commends. But when he comes to the vital question, how to get things done in Scotland, his proposals evaporate in misty aspirations. He exhorts Scotsmen to have faith in God—an excellent attitude, maybe, but a poor substitute for lack of Governmental works; he bids them regain their lost sense of nationhood; and he thanks the Scottish Nationalists for having "stirred up Scotland." But he is not yet prepared to advocate the establishment of even limited Home Rule for Scotland on the grounds that (1) good government *might* come from Whitehall, and (2) that a Parliament in Edinburgh would very likely have a majority of Socialists in it—to Scotland's ruin.

Every man is entitled to his political prejudices; I can conceive that a case could be made out against a Scottish Parliament on the ground that it might be overweighted with representatives from the industrial, as opposed to the sparsely populated rural, areas. But where does Mr. Maclehose imagine that the impulse towards reconstruction can spring in Scotland save from Socialists? From the Clydeside capitalists, or the "shootin' and fishin'" gentry? A Scottish Socialist Party in office might lack sympathy with Mr. Maclehose's ambition to see more craftsmen from Sutherland to Galloway engaged in "the manufacture of small

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wooden replicas of Dunstaffnage and Dunolly Castles," but I am not prepared to await the universality of a classless, non-party spirit in the Scottish nation before Scotland is to be allowed to begin setting her own house in order. ALASTAIR

MILESTONES

Boadilla. By ESMOND ROMILLY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d
Insulted and Exiled. By ARNOLD ZWEIG *John Miles.* 10s. 6d.

How much attention will the Wells and the Olav Stapledons of the future attach to the Spanish civil war? Is it to be a tremendously important milestone in man's political history? Or isn't it? The questions are purely rhetorical, because the only answers any honest man can give are: "I haven't the foggiest. . . ."

If the answer to the second question turns out to be "yes," books like *Boadilla* will have their own place upon the shelves of historians, because without them history will not be truthfully told in terms of human beings. Esmond Romilly was one of the first members of that first world army of which Marx and Engels dreamed—an army drawn from the four corners of the earth to defend the working man in his local struggle with reaction. It was called the International Brigade, and it defended a whole lot more than the working man: it defended and continues to defend the democratic principle in a country that has but recently tasted freedom: it defended and continues to defend all that is good (and some things that are bad) in Spanish culture and tradition.

Esmond Romilly takes us behind the idea: indeed he neglects it almost entirely in this undress portrait of the men who shared his trials and dangers He takes us into their most private lives: into the strangely confused hours of ease that came to them between battles; and tells us what must for ever be interesting—the conversations of men in the face of sudden death. They are no less violent, no less comical, no less real than conversations in other places I have some personal knowledge of the International Brigade in battle; and I could not wish for a truer picture of gallant men. I have no quarrel with Mr. Romilly, but I could have wished he had treated John Grierson with more kindness—and more accuracy of characterisation.

Arnold "Sergeant Grischa" Zweig is a very different kettle of fish. With no word that he says have I any quarrel; but I don't believe that the case for the Jews requires restating at such length. I am all for a constant reiteration of the crimes committed in the name of National Socialism; but surely the time has passed when the whole basis of persecution requires exhaustive analysis. The new pogroms are the result of disordered and degenerate imaginations; and this dull (for that is the word) historical examination of every facet of the long chain of criminal assault upon Jewry adds little to what we did not know before. It may be, though, that the rise of Hitler will occupy the attention of future historians more than will the civil war in Spain: although I doubt it. If it does, Arnold Zweig will be useful to them. He is so thorough: so earnest. In fact—although a Jew—so German.

PHILIP JORDAN

SHORTER NOTICES

Towards Angkor. By H. G. QUARITCH WALES. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

The imposing, symmetrical beauty of Angkor Wat has been made widely familiar by photographs, but very few people know anything of its builders, or of whence they derived the inspiration that enabled them to erect that magnificent temple. Dr. Wales, who is field director of the Greater India Research Committee, traces that inspiration from its source in India, and shows how it spread by colonisation and conquest through Burma, Siam and Java, until it finally reached the empire of the Khmers, there to receive its most perfect and triumphant expression. Dr. Wales deals with his fascinating subject most admirably, and his book should appeal to the general reader quite as much as to the scholar, for although he makes no attempt to "write down" in the hope of reaching a wider public, there is nothing dry or professional in his manner. Indeed, the narrative, besides its archaeological interest, contains at times the excitement of exploration and the thrill of detection. The author's main object in writing was to show how the wide diffusion of Indian culture was brought about, and to do this he records the results of two expeditions led by him, one to investigate the overland route across the Malay Peninsula, by which the Indians penetrated to the shores of the Pacific, and the other to explore the remains of Sri Deva, Uthong, and Angkor itself. He attacks the subject from three distinct angles; first he explains what the evidence of history led him to expect; then he tells how his pioneer field work proved the theory to be true; and finally, by means of extracts from contemporary histories and journals (which are enjoyable in themselves and illuminating to the subject), he invests the ruins with a vivid and living significance. The text is illustrated with 42 excellent photographs and four maps.

Twilight of a World. By FRANZ WERFEL. *Jarrolds.* 10s. 6d.

This book of 608 pages contains two short novels and a number of stories. Werfel is perhaps an Austrian Galsworthy. He writes about the upper middle class in Vienna before and after the war in the twilight of their world. But the title really belongs to the essay on the imperial theme of the Austro-Hungarian empire that prefaces the book, for the spirit of that empire and of Vienna in particular does not affect the stories very much—they might as easily have been written about London at the same time. The essay shows that Werfel understood the drama through which he lived, but his fiction is much more inspired by individual peculiarities and by theories of human nature than by political or sociological observation. There is almost a sense of trickery about his situations; he will choose a spiritual law such as "Against the greater power of another man there is no remedy but love," and show it working itself out in a series of incidents; it is in coherence of idea and plot rather than in the description of a certain class, time or place in history that he excels. Nevertheless the resemblance to Galsworthy remains; he has the same knowledge of what educated people feel, and is detached from his work through lack of passion more than from artistic intelligence; there are no bursts of excitement, no risks in style or idea, though occasional metaphors are apt and unexpected. But in spite of all this one is interested in the characters and reads on.

A Dinghy on the London River. By ELISABETH FAIRHOLME and PAMELA POWELL. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

This record of extremely amateur small-boat sailing is a pure joy to read; the story of how two London girls, in partnership with a more experienced cousin who left them perforce to their own devices after two sailing lessons, acquired, tended, and sailed in all weathers a fourteen-foot dinghy on the London river. Perhaps only those who have themselves handled similar craft, and who can recall without too much merciful blurring of the memory the awful incidents of their own debut, will appreciate it entirely as it deserves; but it will be enjoyed, chuckled over and generally delighted in by all yachtsmen and even by those unfortunates who have never held a tiller in their hand at all. The literary may find occasional fault with the authors' naive and spontaneous style; the cautious and public-spirited may censure two foolhardy young nuisances to river traffic; and the comfort loving will certainly mutter at intervals: "Rather them than me!" If these considerations seriously worry the reader, so much the worse for him. More constructively, one could wish that the amusing snapshots of the "Is," and her owners were supplemented with a sail plan, particularly necessary to the enjoyment of the non-sailing reader.

"Liz" and "Poo" seem happily unaware that they have given proof of a great deal of pluck, considerable powers of endurance, a gift for friendship, and a knack of straightforward unaffected writing. The proper place for *A Dinghy on the London River* is on a shelf beside Robinson's *Deep Water and Shoal* and their own beloved Knight on *Small Boat Sailing*. Connoisseurs will realise, and others should note, that one could hardly give higher praise.

. . . And Master of None. By J. H. SQUIRE. *Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Squire's adventures are almost incredible; he ought at least to have turned out a dictator after enduring so many perils; if experience were the only thing needed to interpret the significance of music, he would be unrivalled. He killed a man when he was thirteen—an act of justice—was twice sentenced to death, made and lost two fortunes, and learnt to play the cornet in between brutal beatings while he served as a ship's lad. He tells his story unpretentiously and sticks to action. A thrilling autobiography which no one would dare to invent as fiction.

De Veritate. By EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. Translated with an Introduction by M. H. CARRE. *Arrowsmith.* 12s. 6d.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury has been treated unkindly by fortune. His Autobiography is notorious rather than famous and has created an unfavourable impression by its bumptious vanity. His pious brother George has succeeded in monopolising the poetic reputation of the family, although Lord Herbert is without doubt the greater poet.

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CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 26 of this issue.

Finally, his philosophical masterpiece, *De Veritate*, is one of those books which everyone has heard of but no one has read. And with reason, for the Latin is so obscure as to be practically unintelligible, and until now there has been no English translation. Yet the work is important: it is the first systematic treatise on epistemology to be published in England. Herbert was what later came to be called a rationalist; his theory of "common" or innate notions provoked a heated answer from Locke, whose argument in the first book of the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* is generally accepted as a complete refutation of Herbert. Yet when at last one is able to read Herbert himself one is irresistibly reminded in certain passages of Kant's categories as the condition of outer experience, and it becomes clear that there is more in Herbert than Locke chose to admit. The philosophical rationalism of *De Veritate* was more congenial to Gassendi and Descartes than to the English empiricists, but its theological implications were at once seized upon by the religious rationalists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and Herbert was universally admitted to be the father of English Deism. Besides its historical importance there is much of intrinsic interest in *De Veritate*, and an English version is greatly to be welcomed. Students of philosophy should be deeply grateful to Mr. Carre for a translation whose clarity, ease and elegance can scarcely be too highly praised.

The Philosophy of Relativity. By A. P. USHENKO. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Ushenko is chiefly concerned in this book with the attempt to correlate perceptual space and time with the physical space-time of relativity. He begins by arguing for the substitution of the concept "event" for the old concept of "substance" favoured by the classical physics. The logical arguments against "substance" have been well known since the time of Berkeley, and to them Professor Ushenko adds certain considerations drawn from relativity. His argument here seems conclusive, and he shows clearly that the concept of "event" is not open to the objections which have proved fatal to "substance." Less certain are his arguments for the "reality" (whatever that may mean) of space-time itself. Questions of existence almost invariably suffer from ambiguity in the terms employed, and we do not always understand what it is that Professor Ushenko means to assert. He clearly seems to think that space-time is "real" in a sense in which it would not be "real" if it were a logical construction as Russell believes, or if propositions about space-time were merely propositions about words as Carnap and the logical positivists assert. On the other hand, he cannot mean to ascribe to it the same sort of "reality" as events possess, because he admits that space-time, in contradistinction to events, "transcends experience." It is perhaps a pity that Professor Ushenko never attempts to define precisely the concept of "reality" or existence, and his contention that there are different *degrees* of reality seems as illegitimate as the old logical notion of a "universe of discourse." His suggestion that space-time may be a category is also unconvincing, partly in view of the fate of the notorious category "substance," and partly because the criterion given by Professor Ushenko for distinguishing categories from mere concepts is clearly inadequate. The book, however, deals with problems of the greatest importance, and the argument, though in places difficult to follow, is generally illuminating and suggestive.

Week-end Competitions

No. 408

Set by Desmond Shawe-Taylor

"This is a most un-English crime"—magistrate quoted in the press. We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best lists of the six most un-English and the six most English crimes.

Owing to Christmas posts the report of Competition No. 405 will be held over till next week.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 7th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competitions will be announced in our next issue.

CORRECTION.—In Section C of our General Knowledge Paper last week there ought to have been a comma between Sidrophel and Skinnybonia.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 261.—THIRTEEN TRICKS

"This is an urgent affair, Caliban," said Inspector Plaincloze one day. "Can you help?"

"Pass it over," said I. It was a cutting from the *Daily Howl*.

"KIBITZER. The play of the cards, trick by trick, is as follows:

"(1) ♥ 10. (2) ♦ 6. (3) ♥ A. (4) ♠ 8. (5) ♠ 2. (6) ♠ 10. (7.) ♣ 7. (8) ♣ Q. (9) ♣ 8. (10) ♥ K. (11) ♦ J. (12) ♠ A. (13) ♣ 3.—PROFESSOR."

"What's it supposed to be?" I asked. "Bridge?"

"I don't think so," said Plaincloze. "I believe it's some sort of cipher."

And quite soon our efforts proved Plaincloze to be right. Actually, this message was not of much account, but the discovery of the code enabled Plaincloze to arrest the Professor—the head of a notorious gang—the next time a message of his appeared.

What was the message?

PROBLEM 259.—THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

The solution of this problem will be published next week.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S

PROBLEM 1.—CHALLENGE

There are ten Knoodles.

PROBLEM 2.—SNADGER'S

We won 3—0; we lost 1—2, 0—2, 0—1, 0—1.

PROBLEM 3.—THE MUDDLE AT MISS MINNIFER'S

Miss Surbiton lives at Acton and works at Beckenham.
" Acton " Ilford " " Willesden.
" Beckenham " Surbiton " " Acton.
" Ilford " Willesden " " Surbiton.
" Willesden " Beckenham " " Ilford.

PROBLEM 4.—WORD SQUARE

S P A R E
P U R E R
A R E N A
R E N T S
E R A S E

DOUBLE DUMMY BRIDGE PROBLEM: SOLUTION

Trick	*South*	*West*	*North*	*East*
1	♥ 4	♥ 5	♥ J	♥ 8
2	♥ 3	♥ Q	♥ A	♣ 5
3	♣ 3	♣ 2	♣ Q	♣ K
4	♣ 10	♣ 4	♣ 7	♣ 9
5	♣ 8			
6	♠ Q			

VARIATION (1)

1	♥ 4	♥ 5	♥ J	♥ 8
2	♥ 3	♥ Q	♥ A	♣ 5
3	♣ 3	♣ 2	♣ Q	♣ 9
4	♣ 8	♦ A	♥ 2	♦ 5
5	♠ Q	♣ 4	♣ 7	♣ K
6	♣ 10			

VARIATION (2)

Tricks 1 and 2 as above.

3	♠ Q	♦ A	♣ 7	♦ 5
4	♣ 3	♣ 2	♣ Q	♣ 9
5	♣ 8		♥ 2	♣ K
6	♣ 10			

There are many other variations.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

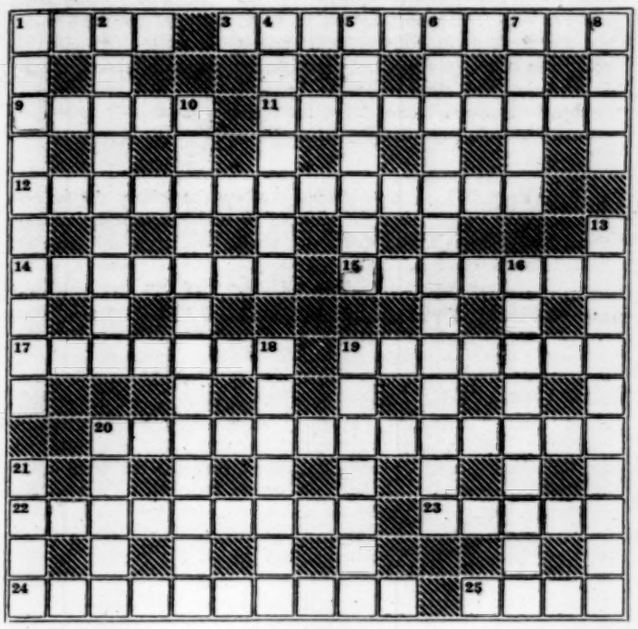
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 408

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Theilmann, 143 Westbourne Avenue, Hull

ACROSS

1. "Ah, take the —— in hand and waive the Rest." (4)
3. Where bull elephants go ashore? (10)
9. In such a hole ichthyosaurus might have hid. (5)
11. South Eastern circles barred apparently. (9)
12. In the way of an overflow. (13)
14. Such trade must presumably keep above high water mark. (7)
15. Would supply a trunk for a coffin. (7)
17. All Indies. (7)
19. What the adder habitually does. (7)
20. The blooming thing will soon come up from the Underground. (13)
22. Spice eschewed no doubt by diehards. (9)
23. Build straight up. (5)
24. Suggests a comprehensive footing. (10)
24. An atomic couple. (4)

DOWN

1. Ways of meeting. (10)
2. Are soporific drinks drawn from this? (9)
4. No doubt they produced tight moments for the Romans. (7)
5. Make good again by return. (7)
6. Got up after the festival as a flower. (13)
7. It's no in any case here. (5)
8. Toothsome find on 3 perhaps. (4)
10. Oddly enough this does not begin on Christmas Day. (13)
13. Riding the waves? (10)
16. Every list contains it. (9)
18. You'll get up wet in this spot. (7)
19. A bit of a laugh after church. (7)
20. We add together. (5)
21. The sort of housewife the German soldier often had. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

T	U	S	S	L	E	S	■	F	I	C	T	I	O	N
R	■	O	■	A	■	T	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	O
A	F	F	I	X	■	A	F	T	E	R	G	L	O	W
I	■	T	■	I	■	R	■	H	■	D	■	E	■	H
N	O	T	A	T	H	O	M	E	■	R	A	T	H	E
E	■	O	■	Y	■	F	■	R	■	O	■	S	■	R
D	A	Y	■	■	B	U	C	C	O	■	■	■	■	E
■	■	S	■	C	■	E	■	H	■	M	■	T	■	■
S	■	■	■	A	L	T	E	R	■	■	■	H	A	S
T	■	H	■	B	■	H	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	E
R	E	A	C	H	■	L	A	S	T	T	R	A	I	N
I	■	S	■	O	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	T	■	A
P	E	T	E	R	S	H	A	M	■	B	E	R	E	T
E	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	A	■	L	■	E	■	O
S	U	N	B	E	A	M	■	S	P	E	N	S	E	R

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

POST-CHRISTMAS DEPRESSION—ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES—CINEMA TROUBLES

THERE was a gloomy re-opening of business in the City this week, for a new and wholly unexpected slump in Wall Street led to a lowering of security values in every market except the gilt-edged. As the previous rally in Wall Street had been based upon the apparent change of Government attitude towards big business, market sentiment was shocked by the speech of Mr. Robert Jackson, the Assistant U.S. Attorney-General, who made a violent attack on the monopolists and blamed "big business" for the present industrial recession. The management of General Motors did not help the situation by announcing that it would lay off 30,000 employees in January. Anyone who expects business to recover in America before the summer is unduly optimistic, but, as I said last week, Wall Street is mental and will continue to drift with the currents of political sentiment.

* * *

The market is awaiting with some anxiety the publication of the Electricity Bill which was promised for the Christmas recess. If the Bill follows the proposals of the White Paper outlining the Minister of Transport's intentions, the country will be divided into a number of distribution districts within which all existing electricity supply companies will be amalgamated into a single unit. The nucleus for the unit will be either one of the existing large companies or a new Joint Authority. The price payable for the undertakings acquired will be based upon the capital expended on the physical assets transferred, less depreciation on a defined scale. The vendor companies, however, will retain outside investments, cash balances and debtor accounts and will be compensated for "loss of profits" for the remainder of their lives, that is, for the period to run before the next date on which they can be purchased under their respective constitutions. "Loss of profits" is to be reckoned as the difference between the profits which the company would have been able to earn in the coming years (allowing for the effect of the proposed legislation and taking into account the actual profits earned in recent years) and the yield currently obtainable on stocks of companies of the same kind. For the new amalgamated units a standard dividend is to be fixed by the Electricity Commissioners, based on the actual profits paid and dividends recently earned by the "nucleus" companies, and any excess of profits earned above the amount required to pay the standard dividend will be distributable as to five-sixths in reduction of charges and as to one-sixth in extra dividends. Every three years the charges are to be reviewed. All undertakings forming "nucleus" companies for the new units will have their tenure of life limited to fifty years.

* * *

If the draft Bill contains proposals along these lines the holders of electricity supply shares will have an anxious time in revising their lists. Those who hold the shares of large and efficient undertakings which have allowed for adequate depreciation in the past should not be greatly disturbed, for they can contemplate a guaranteed dividend, based on the dividends recently paid, which will be guaranteed for a period of fifty years. Those, however, who hold shares of companies which have not allowed for adequate depreciation in recent years must expect an unfavourable allowance for their present assets or a standard dividend lower than their recent dividends. Further, investors having "holding company" shares such as British Power and Light, Edmundsons, Scottish Power, and County of London, may see the break-up of their old "empires." It will, of course, be open to the holding companies to retain shares in the new units, but they will be passive shareholders without an active interest in the development of their properties. The companies which the market believes will survive as the "nucleus" undertakings in their respective areas include Yorkshire Electric Power, Lancashire Electric, North Metropolitan, Clyde Valley and Northampton Electric. Their dividend yields at present market prices are as follows:

	Present Price.	Earned %	Paid %	Gross Div. Yield %.
Clyde Valley	40/-	8.2	8	£4 0 0
Lancashire Electric ..	33/-	8.6	7½	£4 11 0
Northampton Electric ..	45/-	12.1	10	£4 8 9
North Metropolitan ..	47/9	12.2	10	£4 3 9
Yorkshire Electric Power ..	39/3	20.7	8	£4 1 6

I still favour Midland Counties, which at 37*s.* 3*d.* return a yield of £4 6s. per cent. on dividends of 8 per cent. This is one of the best-managed and most efficient of the provincial companies.

* * *

I am glad to learn that over a quarter of the shareholders of Gaumont-British have signed forms of application for a Board of Trade investigation into the affairs of the company. So little light has been thrown at annual meetings on the capital losses incurred that an official probe seems to be the only method by which shareholders can arrive at a correct estimation of the value of the security behind their investment. Even greater, I suggest, is the need for searching official investigation of the affairs o Union Cinemas, control of which was taken over by Mr. Maxwell's Associated British group three months ago. In presenting the accounts for the year ended March 31st last, together with a consolidated statement as at September 30th, the new board informed shareholders that it could not "accept or support the value of the principal assets" as set forth by the late directors. Since creditors (including bank overdraft and mortgage loans) figured in the balance sheet at over £3,250,000, against properties valued at £6,643,000, the question of the valuation of assets was obviously vital. At the shareholders' meeting last week Mr. Maxwell did not mince words. At the time of the merger between the Union and National Provincial Companies, he said, properties standing in the balance sheet at £3,856,564 had been written up by £2,200,000. This inflation of asset values could not be reconciled with real values or with the original costs of properties acquired. Moreover, the profit and loss account must be read in the light of the fact that quite inadequate provision had been made for depreciation of cinemas. How much can be saved for shareholders out of this lamentable business will not be known until the independent accountants appointed by the new board have completed their investigations and prepared the amended balance sheet, as at December 31st, which is promised. But apart from the unenviable position of the shareholders, what is the answer of the late directors to Mr. Maxwell's exceedingly grave charges?

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Duties to begin in April, 1938.

Six typewritten copies of application, with testimonials, must be sent, on or before 7th January, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

C. G. BURTON,
Secretary.

The University,
Edmund Street,
Birmingham, 3.
December, 1937.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF BETHNAL GREEN.

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The appointment will be subject to the Council's Superannuation Acts and Bye-laws and Standing Orders, and the successful candidate must pass a medical examination.

Applications, on forms which will be sent by me on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, must reach me at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2, by 10 a.m. on January 14th, 1938.

Canvassing will disqualify.

DAVID J. KEEP,
Town Clerk.

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PARIS. Permanent resident position with English staff. Age 21–25; neither married nor engaged; first-class public school; Oxford or Cambridge (or near equivalent); good colloquial French. (Applications not fulfilling above will not be acknowledged.) Work consists of giving private English lessons to French men and women by Simpli-Spelt method, and of research in the phonetics of English conversation. Write full details of record to Simpli-Spelt, 5 rue Daru, Paris 8e.

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